

Sports Illustrated

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Next week

Major league experts at the double play, the split-second ball on which pennant races turn, reveal the individualistic moves that have enabled them to become master infielders.

A prince of wealth and society, C. V. (Candy) Whitney applied good sense and competitive drive to the business of horse racing and produced the country's most successful stable.

Artist Boris Fuchs and Tennis Expert William F. Faltori combine forces to offer an essay on the styles and strategies of the best players who will be on view at Forest Hills next week.



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SCORECARD

THE LIMIT

Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall, who is the nation's top administrator of the sport of hunting, was faced last week with one of the most unfortunate dilemmas in recent conservation history.

Three years of harsh, consuming drought have left duck-breeding grounds in Canada in their worst condition in 30 years. This, combined with the unremitting encroachment by civilization on waterland from lake to puddle and added hunting pressure in the last decade, cut duck populations to new lows in 1960. Informed that the 1961 duck population is lower still, Secretary Udall had to decide whether to reduce bag limits for the coming season or to close the season completely.

His politic decision was to lower the limit once again. Under the new regulations states located in the Atlantic, Central and Mississippi flyways can have either very short 1961 seasons with bag limits of three a day or slightly longer seasons with a daily kill of two. So serious is the situation in these areas that goose seasons are longer than duck seasons, a development that would have seemed preposterous only 13 years ago, when duck-bag limits on the Atlantic coast were four times as high as goose limits.

The new limits will be accepted with resignation by hunters, though many of them feel the sport has been reduced to near absurdity. Most duck hunting is expensive and requires considerable trouble, travel and equipment, yet a day's shooting can now end before the hunter is seated in his blind. It is as if baseball were suddenly made a one-inning game.

Many hunters have settled for closing the season completely and hoping for a better tomorrow. But this would have been an audacious move, outraging those who prefer very little hunting to none at all. It also would have cost the \$3 million that hunters spend on federal duck stamps, money that goes to finance the purchase of land for waterfowl breeding areas.

Udall chose to lower the limit. In act-

ing as he did, he behaved more like a canny politician than a bold New Frontiersman. Here's hoping he was right.

NOTE TO URBAN PLANNERS

Stavros Niarchos, the Greek shipping millionaire, has struck a blow for the commuter. He lives on the island of Spetsopoula, which is 40 miles by sea and land from his office in Piraeus. Niarchos has sweetened at least the ocean part of this long commute by buying a 102-foot cabin cruiser that goes 62 miles an hour, faster than any other yacht its size in the world. The boat has three 3,500-hp gas-turbine engines, a crew of 11 and air conditioning that works. At top speed the trip to the mainland should take about 15 minutes, as compared to 66 minutes from Westport into New York on the New Haven RR. Furthermore, the boat cost about half a million dollars. Now, if a few more people would show this kind of initiative perhaps the whole commuting problem could be solved without bleeding millions from the taxpayers to rescue bumbling railroads.

GOOD SELLING JOB

The American Football league, which does not begin its second season for two more weeks, drew its biggest crowd last Saturday evening when 73,916 people went out to Municipal Stadium to see the New York Titans meet the Boston Patriots in an exhibition game.

The AFL is by far the most promotion-conscious group of sporting owners around—and the promotion in Philadelphia worked so well that other sports are bound to copy it. The management of the Titans and the Patriots allowed Philadelphia live wire, Bud Dudley, to distribute tickets at Acme Supermarkets. The theme was, "Have Moms Take Dad to a Football Game," and a free ticket was given to a shopper who bought \$10 worth of groceries at the supermarket. The tickets were not just thrown into the shopping bags—the shopper had to ask the checkout clerk for them.

This was not, of course, a cash gate, but getting 73,000 people under any conditions to a locally televised, August

AFL exhibition game in Philadelphia strikes us as quite a feat. It is a feat that suggests there are enough people interested in the AFL to give it a good chance of survival, whatever the National League's drumbeaters say or think (not necessarily the same thing). The Titans made \$11,000, the Patriots \$11,000 from the promotion and the American Football League made a lot of new friends.

SPORTS ORATORY

The Congressional Record is hardly a sports paper, but it is a repository for material of regional as well as national and international significance. Senators and Representatives use it occasionally the way press agents use other media, to plug their local products. Last week



Senator Milton R. Young (Rep., N. Dak.) saw his opportunity and, by golly, by gosh, did he seize it! Senator Young arose after a discussion of foreign aid, conservation, adjustment of postal rates and concern over government spending to say:

"Mr. President, I wish to make an important announcement. Roger Maris, a North Dakota farm-raised boy, hit two more home runs today. We expect him to break the world's record by quite a few home runs."

Senator Robert S. Kerr (Dem., Okla.) may have been remiss in his duty. A mine-named boy named Mickey Mantle comes from Commerce, Okla. and also is hitting home runs in the Babe Ruth sweepstakes. We can expect Senator Kerr to rise in the Senate any day now and announce how many his boy has hit—and maybe add that his brother Travis' million-dollar Thoroughbred, Round Table, is doing fine at stud.

continued

JUST HARRY

Harry Belafonte, who died last week at 70, needed no introductions. For 36 years he made announcements and stuffed boxes with such flair that he became better known than most of the fighters he praised at length. Introducing fighters, of course, demands the imagination of a sideshow speaker and the voice of a snake-oil salesman. Harry had both of these virtues plus the ability to scatter malapropisms all over an arena.

"Lay-deer an' gentlemen," he once began, "in this corner the ex-native of New York, Barney Ross." Whereas all previous ring announcements used the phrase, "May the best man win," Harry gave it a little zing (and, accidentally, grammar) by saying, "May the better participant emerge triumphant." "Anyone can do this job," he once said, "but to do it right, you've got to use those extra 20 words." Harry worked in a dinner jacket, a stiff shirt, a starched collar and a black tie. No announcer dressed this way before Belafonte; they all have since.

On the night of June 23, 1935 Belafonte was faced with the job of introducing Primo Camera and Joe Louis to a Yankee Stadium audience filled with racial feelings. He told the 60,000 present, "Leave us all view this contest without ancher or prejudice." They did.

Harry was not Bill Stern or Mel Allen or Harry Wismer or Bud Palmer. He was, thank goodness, just Harry. In a world where the tendency seems to be to tear everything down, we're going to miss a man who built everything up.

BOPPO!

The Maris-Mantle steam roller just keeps rolling along, and the American people are rushing to get aboard. Advance sales for Yankee games, *i.e.*, Maris and Mantle games, indicate that they are the hottest double act since Gallagher & Sheen.

As the Yanks moved into Los Angeles this week, scalpers were having a field day. Ticket brokers compared the arrival of Mantle and Maris to the postwar football games between USC and Notre Dame and to the Dodge-White Sox World Series of 1939. When the Yankees arrive in Kansas City for three games (Aug. 25-27) with the 10th-place Athletics, they will play before an estimated 87,000 people. Against the Minnesota Twins (Aug. 29-31) Metropolitan Stadium is expected to be filled; about 20,000

tickets per game are already sold. When Maris and Mantle play in Chicago's Comiskey Park (Sept. 12-14), the estimate is that over 97,000 people will attend because Maris has hit five homers there this year and Mantle two. For the four-game series in Detroit (Sept. 15-17), Tiger Stadium has already sold 70,000 tickets of the 156,000-capacity available, with, as one official put it, "thousands still calling and writing in for tickets." Not all of the Detroit sales have been caused by Maris and Mantle. Some people there still think the Tigers have a chance to win the pennant. Baltimore sellers believe that when the Yanks come to town (Sept. 19-21) the Orioles will draw thousands above the average. In Boston, where the Yankees play on Sept. 23-24, the ticket sellers say only that sales are "exceptionally high."

At home the Yankee advance sale breaks down this way: vs. Detroit (Sept. 1-3), 30,000 for each game; vs. Washington (Sept. 4-6), 10-15,000 each game; vs. Cleveland (Sept. 7-10), 10-25,000; vs. Baltimore (Sept. 26-27), 10-15,000; vs. Boston to close the season (Sept. 29-Oct. 1), 10-15,000 each game. American League clubs that were fearing bleak financial reports on the 1961 season can now breathe more easily.

RETURN OF THE LITTLE MAN

Four weeks ago Cent McCrory, the 40-year-old former jockey who won two Kentucky Derbies and countless other stakes races before retiring in 1960, appeared at Saratoga Race Track. McCrory, who was the shortest of all jockeys (5 feet 8 inches), was now short of pocket. "I need a job bad," he said. "I'm going to see if I can get a trainer's license." He did. What he then needed was horses.

During the second week of the Saratoga meeting an owner named Morris Lober invited McCrory to take over his string of seven runners. Two days later McCrory sent out his first horse, Nashua Broeze. In the paddock before the race everyone wished him well, and when Warren Mehrens, a former jockey and now a patrol judge, asked McCrory if he was nervous, McCrory said, "I feel just like I felt when I was riding. I want to do things right, and I'd hate to lose things up." Nashua Broeze finished last in a field of eight.

On Thursday McCrory sent out his second starter, a 14-1 long shot named Clothes Pin. Clothes Pin was beaten a head by the favorite. Last Friday the

FACES IN THE CROWD



NED HART, 12, Kingston (N.C.) Little League pitcher, hurled five straight no-hitters to lead team into state finals, then won first batter's championship game break streak by singling (Cincinnati eventually won, 6-5), was named tournament's outstanding player.



CYNTHIA DRUMMOND, 16, of Portland, Me., set women's slalom jumping record at the Southwestern Maine Water Ski championships by soaring 18 feet (beating old mark by 12 feet), also set trick record with 248 nose, finished by winning the slalom event.



DE ROSS KIRKACRE, 20, of Cottage Grove, Ore., engaged in a marathon golf quest to gain publicity for a nine-hole local course (different tee made it 18 holes), played through 383 holes in 39 hours, 48 minutes, averaged 4-under-par 68 for each 18 holes he completed.



DRUCILLA BARNES, 47, became the first woman to win the Tevis Cup 180-mile ride from Tahoe City, Calif., to Ashland, Calif. She rode Chugan—a 10-year-old Arabian gelding—along the arduous gold-rush route in a record-breaking 13 hours and 3 minutes.



PETE GANDY, 25, of Los Angeles, won silver medal in slalom championship when he broke 346 of 350 targets in the National Skeet shoot at Reno, Nev., also surpassed world record in the 12-gauge class when he broke 1,157 competitive targets without a miss.



DAVE GIVETTI, Syracuse University home player now with Jacksonville in Sally League, defeated Charlotte 9-0 for first professional shutout, went four for four at plate, pinned, "If I can't make the majors by pitching, then maybe I can manage to do it by hitting."

third McCreary-trained horse, Barbaric, finished fourth to earn \$160. It was the first money Barbaric had won in nine starts.

Coot McCreary has always been one of those people in sport who get knocked around a lot. We're happy to see him land upright once more.

MM

Note for a future historian: 1961 was the year MM lost its original (since 1955, that is) meaning and came to stand for Murtle and Marie.

NO LOVE, NO NOTHING

The arguments between Jack Kramer, the world's frankest tennis promoter, and his No. 1 drawing card, Pancho Gonzales, go on and on. Recently Gonzales told Kramer that next season the professional tour will be sans Pancho. Kramer and Gonzales are now in the second year of a seven-year contract, but Pancho can break it as long as he does not play tennis for anyone else.

"I feel very sorry for Gonzales," Kramer said. "What else can the guy do but play tennis? Nothing. He's mentioned going into real estate. But I know lots of guys with more personality and twice as much intelligence who have to slave to make ten or twelve thousand a year in that business."

Kramer indicated he would keep signing the best amateur players available and said the next in line are Rod Laver and Luis Ayala, the Chilean player. He hopes to put 12 pros into two tours next season: one will play 65 matches, and the other will play 35. He also is planning a series of matches between professionals from four world regions, Eurasia, North America, South America (including Mexico) and Australia. None of this, however, will amount to much if Pancho is absent. We sympathize with Businessman Kramer in his negotiations with prima donna Gonzales—but No Pancho, No Show.

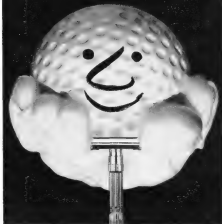
THEY SAID IT

• Early-day Rodeo Performer Dough-belly Price, comparing the big money of today's rodeos to the low prices awarded when he was performing: "We used the time that the sweat on a restaurant window looked like beef gravy."

• Jack Curtice, president of the American Football Coaches Association, on the standards of physical fitness among the young: "I know Americans are getting soft when a teen-ager thinks he's

continued

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roughing it if he has to drive a car without automatic transmission."

• **Brailiff Airways Stewardess Betty Lockhart**, making announcement on a charter flight carrying the Dallas Texans football team to a game in Buffalo: "And your bossman—the pretty blonde one with the blue eyes, a shapely figure and a warm smile, is me; the other girl is Sherry Hanson."

THE LAST SHALL BE LAST

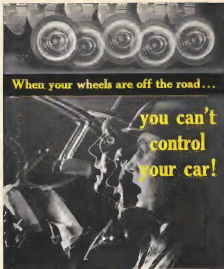
If you lived in Philadelphia a quarter of a century ago, you knew a number of things for sure. You knew the rich were rich and the poor were poor because God meant it to be so. And you knew that after midnight on Saturday you had to go over the bridge to Camden, N.J. to get a drink. But most of all you knew, no matter what else happened, that the Athletics and the Phillies were then and would always be in last place.

They would not be last by some rule of chance or stroke of fate. They would be purposefully, staunchly last, just as they had always been (well, almost always). If at some point in the season—like April—they seemed momentarily to rise, the city never panicked. The Phillies pitchers, headed by Walter (Boon-Boon) Reck and Hugh (Losing Fischer) Mulcahy were men you could count on. The A's had pitchers like Lynn (Line Drive) Nelson, and shortstops like Jack Wallaens, who once leaped for a line drive that smacked him in the armpit. Later, they had a shortstop named Al Brancato, who once scurried into the hole and rifled a throw against the upper deck.

A lot of things have changed since then. But one thing is still comfortingly true. The Phillies and the A's are in the cellar. In fact, last week the Phillies broke the modern major league record—formerly held by the A's and the Red Sox—for consecutive defeats when they earned their 21st, a 4-1 loss in Milwaukee. It is true, of course, that the A's are no longer a Philadelphia ball club, but even this may be set aright before the year is out. The A's new owner, Charles O. Finley, stung by local critics, is threatening to move out of Kansas City.

"If they don't appreciate us here," he warned, "I feel there are other places we might be wanted."

There is a place, Charley—Philadelphia, which long ago proved brotherly love can embrace more than one loser.



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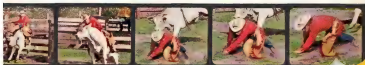
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For additional information, see Reports at 315, Fashion Week: Mills, Portland, Oregon.

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COMING EVENTS

August 21 to August 31
All times are E.D.T.

★ Cable television ♦ Television ■ Network radio

Friday, August 23

- BASEBALL** (cable)
Carter's Mail, World Series, Springfield, IL, (through Aug. 24)
- HORSE RACING**
Burdick Handicap, \$15,000, Saratoga, N.Y.
- HORSE RACING**
The Wofford Cup and The Tuckle Cup, Hamilton, Mass., (through Aug. 27)
- MOTOR SPORTS**
SCCA Nat'l Rally, Belleville, IL, (through Aug. 27)
- SWIMMING**
Buckner Far Western Champ, San Francisco (through Aug. 27)
- TENNIS**
U.S.L.T.A. Girls' 18 Champs. (final three days), Philadelphia
- WATER SKIING**
World Champs., Long Beach, Calif. (through Aug. 27)

Saturday, August 26

- BASEBALL**
♦ Los Angeles Dodgers at Cincinnati, 1:25 p.m. (CBS)
- ♦ San Francisco at St. Louis, 2:10 p.m. (NBC)
- BOATING**
Cruick-Shan, weekend trophy, Rona (Sat. Aug. 27)
- BOATING**
Jones vs. Yon Clay, light services, 18 ribs, Mid. Ry. Harb., New York, 12 p.m. (ABC)
- HORSE RACING**
Atlanta City Handicap, \$25,000, Atlanta City, N.Y.
- ♦ The Mar Derby, \$15,000, Del Mar, Calif.
- ♦ Hospital Steeple, \$15,000, Saratoga, N.Y. (Sports Network, racing TV)
- ♦ National Vinylator, \$70,000, Washington Park in Arlington Park, Ill.
- SWIMMING**
♦ National AAU Men's Swimming and Diving Championships, "Wide World of Sports," 7 a.m. (ABC)
- ♦ Pacific Northwest Age Group Champs., Seattle (Sat. Aug. 27)
- ♦ Oklahoma, Miss., Louisville, Ind. (Sat. Aug. 27)

Sunday, August 27

- BASEBALL**
♦ Milwaukee at Philadelphia, 1:25 p.m. (CBS)
- ♦ San Francisco at St. Louis, 2:10 p.m. (NBC)
- HORSE RACING**
Cristal Lexington Kennel Club show, Great Barrington, Mass.
- KARTING**
World Champs., Capt. Girardino, Mo.
- HORSE RACING**
Nat'l. Championship "Tennis" Trophy" race (the 4th and 5th in motorcycle), Paris, IL

Monday, August 28

- BOATING**
Adam Trophy (Women's Nat'l. Championship), Newport Harbor, Calif.
- ♦ Best Cup (North American & Championship), St. Petersburg, Fla.
- HORSE RACING**
The Ohio State Inv., \$25,000, Columbus, Ohio
- HORSE RACING**
2nd H-gate night, Hamilton, \$25,000, Aqueduct, N.Y.

Tuesday, August 29

- BOING**
Adams vs. Cotton, NBA light-heavy title bout, 12 lbs., Seattle
- HORSE RACING**
The Buckeye State-park, \$10,000, Columbus, Ohio

Wednesday, August 30

- HORSE RACING**
Carlton Farm Stakes, \$10,000, De Quirin, IL
- ♦ The Hawthorn Inv., \$15,000, De Quirin, IL

Thursday, August 31

- HORSE RACING**
Hawthorn 3rd Silverchurn Handicap, \$10,000, Aqueduct, N.Y.
- MOTOR SPORTS**
♦ "Destruction of The Old" (junk car standing), Schenectady Sports Spectacular, 7:30 p.m. (CBS)

See local listing



Here's the rum that's like no other. Full-bodied, spicy, truly distinctive. Essential to the best rum drinks and punches. A delightful addition to any cocktail, many foods and sauces. Nothing takes its place! If you have a taste for adventure, try Myers Rum—the spirit of adventure.

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YES IT'S LIVELIER

—and Here Is the Proof

by ROBERT H. ROYLE

Never before in the history of baseball have so many players hit so many home runs. Not only are Roger Maris and Mickey Vernon threatening to break Babe Ruth's 34-year-old record, but hosts of far less proficient hitters are hitting balls over fences and into bleachers at a rate that surpasses even them. What is responsible for this home run splurge? There is general agreement that the lighter, thin-handled bat and the dilution of pitching talent in the expanded American League have helped the hitters. But the big question, and the subject of the most persistent controversy in the game, is whether or not the ball has been changed.

Now SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is able to present proof that today's baseball is

different. It is significantly livelier than baseballs made as recently as 1953.

Scientific tests show that the average 1961 baseball tested:

- Bounces higher
- Is firmer
- Weighs more; incredibly enough, it even weighs more than the rules of baseball allow.

Unlike many comparative tests of baseballs which are inconclusive because quite old balls were tested against new ones, these findings were reached by comparing the results of tests made in 1953 with the results of identical tests on new balls today.

The testing firm, Joseph S. Ward and Associates, reported to this magazine last week:

"Based on the data obtained from tests on the 1952, 1953 and 1961 base-

balls, it can be concluded that these balls are becoming progressively 'livelier' as evidenced by both the rebound and compression tests. As an example, a 300-foot drive in 1952, under the same impact force, would result in a distance of 324 feet in 1953 and 330 feet in 1961, all based on average test data. Considering maximum rebound observed for the 1961 baseballs, the 300-foot drive in 1952 [and the 324-foot one in 1953] would become a 340-foot hit in 1961, under the same driving energy.

"Our tests therefore conclude that the 1961 baseball has more potential to be hit farther distances than its counterparts in either 1952 or 1953."

(continued)

A DROP TEST conducted from tower shows Engineer Joseph Ward 1961 ball is heavier.

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**Sports
Illustrated**
AUGUST 29, 1961



These test results contradict the findings and feelings of such figures as Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick, American League President Joe Cronin and President Edwin L. Parker of A. G. Spalding & Bros., Inc., manufacturer of the ball. (All major league baseballs are made by Spalding. Balls coming off the company's assembly line in Chicopee, Mass. are simply stamped either "Spalding" for the National League or "Reich" for the American.)

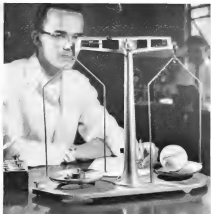
Just last week Frick, when asked about the liveliness of the 1961 ball, said, "I haven't the slightest doubt that the ball has been the same year after year after year." Cronin dismissed the idea of a hopped-up ball. "The Spalding people would not make a change in the ball without an order from me," he said. "I have issued no such directive."

Earlier this month Spalding's Parker was concerned enough about the lively ball controversy to put out a 1,300-word statement to settle the issue once and for all. Except for the war years, he said, the major league ball is "the exact same baseball it has been for over 35 years." Although the major leagues themselves set the specifications, Parker pointed out, "these specs have not been changed and the built-in performance characteristics of the ball have not been changed in many, many years."

Missiles, airports and baseballs

But the report from Joseph S. Ward and Associates makes it plain that these gentlemen are wrong. The Ward firm is a highly reputable consulting engineering company in Caldwell, N.J. that specializes in testing soils for engineering purposes and evaluating foundation requirements for structures. In this capacity, the firm, which has branch offices in Philadelphia and Tokyo, has done work in connection with SAGE air-warning and interceptor network, New York's Penn Station South and several major terminals and hangars at Idlewild International Airport. The firm is headed by two partners. They are Joseph S. Ward, 36, a Bachelor of Civil Engineering, Master of Science and licensed professional engineer; and Joseph M. DeSalvo, 30, also a holder of B.S. and M.S. degrees. These two were uniquely able to conduct tests on 1961 baseballs because they had run exactly the same tests in 1953.

Before starting full-time practice as a consultant, Ward was head of the Ma-



WEIGHT TEST BY TECHNICIAN DAVID ROWLAND PROVES 1961 BASEBALL IS HEAVIER

terials Testing Laboratory at Cooper Union, an engineering and arts college in Manhattan. In 1953 Cooper Union was approached by Max Kaas, Sports Editor of the *New York Journal-American*, with a request to test 1952 and 1953 American League baseballs. The school turned the project over to Ward. With DeSalvo, then also on the Cooper Union faculty, Ward tested six unused 1952 baseballs and six new 1953 balls.

Ward and DeSalvo first weighed the balls. The 1952 balls averaged 5.17 ounces, the 1953 balls 5.06 ounces. Both met the major league specification which says balls must weigh between 5 and 5.25 ounces. Next Ward and DeSalvo tested the balls for resiliency by dropping them from a platform 26 feet 8 inches high onto a steel plate embedded in concrete. Says Ward: "A free fall was chosen since the rebound thus would not be affected by any mechanical force—such as a machine striking the ball—which could become a variable."

The balls rebounded alongside a metal tape, where the height of the bounce was measured. This test showed that the 1952 ball averaged an 8-foot rebound and the 1953 ball 8 feet 7½ inches. Thus the 1953 ball had 8% more resiliency than the 1952 ball. Although the 1952

ball was a year old, Ward estimated a loss of at most 1% of bounce because of deterioration in that short time. Also most important was the fact that Ward now had a rebound average for fresh 1953 balls.

Ward and DeSalvo also tested the balls for compression, measuring the results in inches to the nearest one-thousandth of an inch. The average compression for the 1952 ball was 0.190 inches. It was 0.176 inches, or 7% less, for the 1953 ball.

"The compression test on baseballs," says Ward, "is also an indication of the 'liveliness' of the balls. Smaller compressions under the same static loading will yield a baseball that will have more resilience and therefore a potential to travel a greater distance."

When the tests were completed, Cooper Union issued a press release and Ward was asked to write a paper for *The Transit of Chi Epsilon*, official publication of the national civil engineering honorary fraternity. In the paper, Ward said: "Tentative engineering conclusion—the '53 ball is a jack rabbit." It is noteworthy that 1953 also was a banner home run year. Joe Adcock hit the first ball ever to reach the center-field bleachers at the Polo Grounds, and Mantle hit



COMPRESSION TEST BY WARD PUTS 100-POUND LOAD ON BALL, SHOWS IT IS FIRMER

his celebrated 565-foot tape-measure homer in Washington. All told, major league players hit a total of 2,076 homers, a record high at the time.

On January 20, 1954, Freeco Thompson, a vice-president of the Brooklyn Dodgers and a member of the Rules Committee which formulates the rules of professional baseball, moved to find out more about baseballs. Asking Ward for comparative tests on a few major and minor league balls, he noted, "We have had considerable doubtlets from the manufacturers as to the composition of the baseball and its resiliency."

Last week Thompson said what was really needed but never obtained was "exact duplicate scientific tests taken in various years. Then we'd have something." And he added candidly: "I think today's ball is probably livelier."

Last week Ward did precisely what Thompson said was necessary. He again tested new balls, and now he could compare results with '52-'53. He was supplied with a dozen new 1961 American League baseballs purchased directly from Spalding and delivered to Caldwell in a sealed box. Since the drop shaft at Cooper Union was not available, Ward constructed a three-story wooden scaffolding that would allow him to du-

plicate the exact conditions of previous tests. Once again a steel plate was set in concrete. On August 16, Ward and DeSalvo conducted their tests.

Much too heavy

First they weighed the balls. They used a laboratory balance sensitive to one-tenth of a gram, converting the grams into ounces. No sooner had they started than they had a surprise—the average weight of the 1961 baseball was 5.29 ounces. This was more than the 5.25 limit allowed in rule 1.03 of the Official Baseball Rules. One of the balls weighed an astonishing 5.42 ounces.

After weighing, Ward and DeSalvo saved one ball in half for visual examination. Visually, the 1961 ball seemed no different from past balls. The remaining 11 balls were then dropped for rebound. Ward's report noted: "The average rebound for 33 drops was 8 feet 9½ inches, with the rebound readings varying from a minimum of 8 feet 7 inches to a maximum of 9 feet 1 inch. A total of 21 [of the 33] rebounds was in excess of the 8-foot 9½-inch average."

"In the 1953 test program the average rebound for the 1952 baseball was 8 feet 8 inches and the average rebound for the 1953 ball was 8 feet 7½ inches. There-

fore, the average rebound of the 1961 baseball is 2% greater than the 1953 ball and 10% greater than the 1952 ball. Comparing the 9-foot 1-inch maximum rebound of the 1961 baseball, this maximum is 5.3% greater than the 1953 baseball average and 13.5% greater than the 1952 baseball average." A figure of 2%, 5.3% or even 13.5% may strike some as a small statistic, but in baseball, renowned as "the game of inches," 2% becomes a major distance. Because it adds at least six feet to any drive over 300 feet, many balls that would have been caught in 1953 fell into the stands for home runs in 1961.

Ward and DeSalvo also measured the baseballs across the three principal axes to the nearest tenth of a millimeter. They converted the millimeters to inches and determined the average circumference to be 9.05 inches, well within the regulation range of 9 to 9.25 inches.

Finally, the balls were compressed. The 1961 ball averaged 0.162 inches. Says the Ward report: "This average compression is to be compared to the 1953 testing series where the average compression under the same loading for the 1952 ball was recorded as 0.190 inches and for the 1953 ball 0.176 inches. Comparing average compressions, the 1961 baseball is 8% less compressible than the 1953 ball and 15% less compressible than the 1952 baseball."

"Examination of the compression data for the 1952, 1953 and 1961 baseballs will reveal that the compressions are becoming progressively smaller each successive year, further substantiating the increase in rebound characteristics over the same period of time."

Then, the 1961 ball turns out to be heavier, bouncier and firmer.

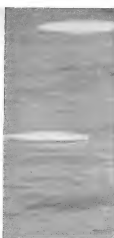
"The most significant thing, I think, is that the average weight of the 1961 baseballs tested was not within the range specified," summarized Ward. "This is important because it shows that the balls not only do not meet specifications, but that they were indisputably different from the 1952 or 1953 balls. The difference in weight must mean there is a difference in some part of the composition of the ball. This was reflected in the performance test showing a livelier ball."

"It's livelier, all right," recently remarked Saichel Paige, who was pitching for a living when Ruth hit 60 homers and who is still pitching for a living. "No two ways about it. That's why you have to be careful when you're handling it." You're so right, Mr. Paige. **END**

THE WAY TO BEAT A HEAVY THINKER

You just smile and swim faster, according to Japan's Tsuyoshi Yamanaka, who got the better of Murray Rose in a most memorable competition

by ROGER WILLIAMS



HIS PAGE A STUDY IN ULTIMATE EFFORT.

At times last week the National AAU Outdoor Swimming Championships at Los Angeles resembled nothing so much as a wet game of chess. To be sure, there was a generous helping of in-pool dramas, and there was the toppling of a whole raft of records. But the heart of the matter lay in the ploy and counterplay, the intrigue and the con-ning that surrounded four events: the 100-, 200-, 400- and 1,500-meter freestyle.

The man who set off most of the feverish celebration was transplanted Australian Murray Rose, who swims for the Los Angeles Athletic Club and thinks for himself. The man who had to combat Rose's "planning" was tough little Tsuyoshi Yamanaka, Japan's best swimmer and an archrival of Rose in two Olympics and many international competitions. Rose usually beats Yamanaka. For that matter, Rose usually beats everybody, and one of his tricks in trade is the technique of psychological harassment called "psyching" by swimmers. Explains another Rose rival: "Murray works on the other guy. You can depend on that. With different peo-

ple he uses different techniques. For instance, he's always very friendly with Yamanaka when I'm around, but he acts as though I don't exist. He knows this annoys me. Murray is a psych artist. He always comes up with something."

In Los Angeles, Rose came up with the announcement that he might not enter the 1,500, an opening-day event that he had won in the 1956 Olympics. He said he might enter the 100 instead, explaining that this would leave him more rested for the other races. He did not point out that it would also let Yamanaka swim his head off in the 1,500, thereby giving Rose an advantage in their later meetings.

But Yamanaka couldn't believe that Rose would duck the 1,500, and neither could 16-year-old Roy Saari, another strong contender. "I don't dare think Murray's not going to be there," said Saari. "If I counted on him not showing up—and then he did show up—I would really be depressed."

But Rose did not show. Instead, he loitered at poolside as Saari, Yamanaka and five others knifed into the water in the most debilitating swim of the meet.

Yamanaka, who smiles and says little, stuck with the field through the first half of the race, then slackened his pace with the obvious intention of conserving his strength for the coming races with Rose. He finished sixth behind Saari and complained with a straight face: "The water was heavy, and so was my body." What Rose had hoped would be a grueling ordeal for his friendly enemy had been converted by Yamanaka into a race relaxing dip on a summer's day.

Winner by an arm

The next day, in the 200 meters, the bemused crowd found out just how "tired" the Japanese star was. Both he and the well-rested Rose qualified in times that bettered the American record. In the finals the two 22-year-old swimmers hung a little behind the field for the first 150 meters, then shot ahead in a vicious finish, with Yamanaka winning by an arm. The time, 2:00.4, bettered his own recognized world record of 2:01.3 set in Osaka. Rose, whose own time of 2:00.9 also broke the record, now realized he had tailed an Oriental tiger. To make matters worse, he had



YAMANAKA STARTED QUICKLY IN THE 400-METER RACE BUT SOON SLOWED DOWN TO SAVE HIS STRENGTH FOR BIGGER WINS

PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM

failed by a tenth of a second to qualify in the 100, the race for which he had gained up the 1,300.

Now all that was left was the 400, Rose's specialty. He began working out a new "psych" to salvage one victory. As he explained later: "My usual way of beating Yamanaka in the 400 is to stay with him through the first half of the race and pull away in the third hundred meters. There were good psych possibilities in doing it this way again, because when he saw me pulling away at that stage of the race he would say to himself, 'Here we go again, this is the way he always beats me,' and he would be outpsyched. But then I also got to thinking that there were psych possibilities in changing my pattern, in trying to take him earlier instead. I finally decided on this."

Rose stood into the water like a man trying to break every existing sprint record. He swam the first 50 meters in 28.7 seconds, a pace which would have made most swimmers turn belly up and scream for a lifeguard. But Yamanaka doggedly hung on. For 150 meters he swam half a body's length behind Rose. Then

Rose began to lose it; Yamanaka inched even, and in one final burst of power he touched the wall four inches ahead of Rose. The time: 4:17.5, a new American record.

"Before I die," Yamanaka had said last spring. "I want to beat Murray Rose." Now he pulled himself out of the pool, a wide grin on his face, and said nothing. Rose, so exhausted he found it difficult to stand, explained: "I went too fast at first, I didn't have anything left on the last lap." He nodded his head in agreement with his coach, Peter Daland, who summed up the matter succinctly. "You might say," Daland observed, "that Yamanaka was a very unpsyched swimmer today."

Records may have been made to be broken, as baseball fans are fond of saying, but no one at Los Angeles could remember a single swimming meet in which new marks were set with such haphazard regularity. In the first seven races six world records were established. The eighth race—the 200-meter individual medley, won by Ted Stickle in 2:15.9—will not be a world mark only be-

cause the International Amateur Swimming Federation does not recognize the event. The incredible breastroker, Indiana University's Chet Jastrzemski, cut 6.9 full seconds off the 200-meter record in a race that left spectators rubbing their eyes; five of the six finishers topped the world record. For Jastrzemski, it marked the seventh consecutive time he had bettered an established world breaststroke mark. For good measure, he lopped four seconds off the 100-meter breaststroke record the next day. The 18-year-old Steve Clark, national indoor 100- and 220-yard champion, barely qualified for the 100-meter finals, then ripped off a world record of 54.4. Left gasping in fourth place was Brazil's great Manuel Dos Santos, who had upset Clark recently in Japan. Carl Robie, a 16-year-old peanut-sized swimmer from Drexel Hill, Pa., set a world record in the 200-meter butterfly; the former record holder, Mike Troy of Indianapolis, had to settle for an ignominious fifth. In all, 10 world and three American records were chalked up in the most memorable swimming competition in American history.

AND





A Time to Laugh . . .

Britain's Wightman Cup Tennis team, standing at graceful attention for the playing of national anthems in Chicago, broke into girlish giggles when the P.A. system butchered *The Star-Spangled Banner* and *God Save the Queen* and threw in a military march for bad measure. Having lost their dignity, the ladies (left to right: Captain Beatrice Walter, Christine Truman, Ann Haydon, Angela Mortimer, Deirdre Cott) went on to lose the cup 6-1.

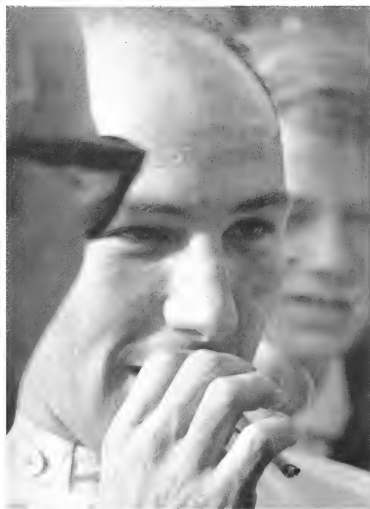
...and a Time to Cry

These three Los Angeles Dodger fans looked forward to a little sporting mayhem as they settled into their seats at a Coliseum double-header last week. The competition was the Cincinnati Reds, a team that had had the gall to charge the nice Dodger pitchers with the habitual use of high-and-tight deadly weapons and other antisocial practices (SI, Aug. 14). The Dodgers said so's-your-old-man, and then proceeded to prove the Reds' point. Larry Sherry hit slagger Frank Robinson with a pitch at the Adam's apple, and Stan Williams pinked Vada Pinson on the helmet. The Reds merely picked themselves up, brushed themselves off and fought back with a secret weapon: good baseball. Anguished faces clearly show the result: a sweep—and a firm, righteous hold on first place—for Cincinnati.

Photograph by Ky Prokes







A ROUGH ROAD TO THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

by STIRLING MOSS

Just before the Grand Prix of Germany and Europe on August 6, a confident Enzo Ferrari reportedly ordered one of his drivers, Phil Hill, to hold back so the other, Covert Wolfgang von Trips, could clinch the world championship and thus increase Ferrari sales in Germany. Hill declared he would not follow orders, but he still finished behind von Trips. The German did not, however, clinch anything—Britain's hard-driving Stirling Moss, following a plan of his own, won in a dramatic upset, with von Trips second and Hill third. Moss, the No. 1 money-maker, is an independent. He spends much of his earnings on a staff that helps him operate as a free lance, but he says there is little chance an independent ever will win the championships. Here, with writer John Lovejoy, he tells why he prefers it that way.

Even my best friends think I'm mad. They think I am knocking my head against a brick wall because I prefer to race as an independent, even though it means that the racing-car manufacturers will not sell me their latest products. I enjoy racing. If I didn't I would not race any more. In fact, I enjoy fighting it out with the factory entries. I have raced for teams—for instance, with Mercedes

when Fangio was their No. 1. It is enjoyable, but sometimes there is strife within the camp, and there are problems involving one car against another—who has the fastest engine and so forth. Personally, I prefer racing within a small group called British Racing Partnership. Its directors are my manager, my father, my ex-mechanic and myself. We race cars for one of the world's largest hire-

purchase (installment-plan) companies, United Dominions Trust, together with one of its subsidiary concerns, Laystall Engineering. I also handle the cars owned by the British motorsport enthusiast, Rob Walker, who is a personal friend. In both cases, the arrangements are loose and there is a financial loss, but there are never any arguments.

So far as I am concerned, the biggest drawback to racing independently is that I have been frequently blamed for the breakdown of my cars. The newspapers have made frequent reference to the Moss jinx. It is not a jinx, but hardly anybody bothers to inquire after the truth. In 1959, for example, the Cooper Car Company sold Rob Walker a car without a gearbox. They were quite frank about it; they could not sell a complete car because of previous commitments. Accordingly, we had to have a special gearbox designed. It had to be produced quickly, and in the end it proved to be not strong enough.

Rivalry in motor racing is friendly but often tough. I bear no grudge; the reasons behind the situation are complex but understandable. The various factory teams range from big organizations like Mercedes, which re-entered the field for two years in 1954 and 1955 and is reported to have spent \$3 million in that time, to the smaller British concerns that budget much less. In fact, motor racing still includes, as in its earliest days, everything from the owner-driver with his own mechanic to the big organization with scores of attendants and a team manager in command.

But make no mistake about it. For large or small it is a business. The large organizations enter the field to gain publicity and prestige and to give the ultimate test to parts they may want to incorporate in their production models at a later date. The smaller companies with fewer resources and less manpower are in it for the same reasons, though for them it is more of a gamble. These smaller companies, however, could not race in Grand Prix events, pay their drivers or otherwise keep up with the giants if it were not for the backing of the oil companies, the tire manufacturers and the makers of components who are interested in the sport.

The oil companies foot the biggest

continued

VETERAN DRIVER STIRLING MOSS IS VICTIM OF FACTORY FREEZE-OUT

part of the bill, and a lot of old money goes into the development and production of new cars. And so it is easy to see why one of these companies might object strongly to a factory's selling its latest product to a driver who uses a competitive fuel and oil.

The factories also are under pressure from a number of new nonmanufacturing groups, including large companies like United Dominions Trust, for whom

I would have joined Italy's Enzo Ferrari years ago. In my opinion, he builds the world's greatest range of racing cars. But in the early '50s I traveled down to Italy at his invitation, only to find on arrival that he had given a car intended for me to someone else. If it were not for that incident and my real desire to drive English cars, I would no doubt be driving for him today.

But since I remain a lone wolf, what of this year? At the moment I am driving a 1960 Lotus with modified suspension

racing is more than this: It is the entertainment of literally millions of people. If I can push the others and by hard driving break up this pattern, it makes for better racing. Not only do the spectators enjoy it more, but the cars themselves are more severely tested; thus they are improved, and eventually the results will improve the mass-produced car. At the Dutch Grand Prix this year, for example, 15 cars started and 15 finished, without one stop at the pits. It was something unique in the history of automobile racing, and it marked a magnificent advancement in the constant striving for mechanical perfection.

Today all the British cars are underpowered in comparison to the Ferrari. The formula change which took effect in Grand Prix racing this year limits engine size to a maximum cubic capacity of one and a half liters. So British cars have had to make do with a modification of the old Formula II engine; this produces about 150 bhp, compared to around 190 bhp produced by the Ferrari's power plant. On the high-speed circuits, such as Spa, Rheims and Monza, we British haven't much chance. In the Monaco Grand Prix I was able to squeeze in ahead of the pack only because of a circuit that twisted all over the place and put less of a premium on power.

However, the English fire-gump manufacturers, Coventry Climax, are now producing a more powerful 1.5-liter engine. Fortunately for all of us, including myself, Coventry Climax does not have a factory team, nor is the company tied to an oil concern. As soon as a few of their new engines are available, I hope to be among those to get one. Jack Brabham, last year's world champion, will probably be the first, because of the close relationship between Coventry Climax and Cooper, for whom Jack drives. If the new engine can produce 175 to 180 bhp, I think the British will be able to give the Ferraris a good run for their money. But I still will be at a distinct disadvantage in relation to the drivers in 1961 cars. Companies like Lotus and Cooper never stand still.

So I can see no prospect, short of a miracle, of winning as an independent driver. But I wouldn't like to change, not yet anyway. Of course, I would like to win the world championship, but if I did, I might have to retire, and I don't like the idea of that. So really I am quite happy; I just have to drive a bit harder to keep up.

END



IN SOLITUDE GRAND PRIX AT STUTTGART ENGINE TROUBLE RUINED MOSSE'S CHANCES

I race. These organizations want to sponsor cars and drivers in return for publicity. But they cannot contract with a concern that is already racing its own team, and so they are faced with the same situation I am when it comes to obtaining a new car. These new groups can often afford to offer bigger returns to drivers than the factories can. To keep the best men, the factories therefore have responded by guaranteeing exclusive use of their latest car for a year to the drivers who sign with them. With such a promise, the factories can get the best drivers.

So the factories end up far ahead of the other racing organizations. At the Monaco Grand Prix, each factory team was invited to enter two drivers, but of the independents only France's Maurice Trintignant and I were allowed an automatic entry. Anybody else who wanted to start had to qualify.

I suppose that if I had been sensible

and body. Comparing the models, the back and front suspension and the chassis of the 1961 Lotus are even more modified. The newer model has considerably less frontal area, a different body and a lot of other things that I will cannot buy, beg or borrow. I am not grumbling; I understand why I cannot have them.

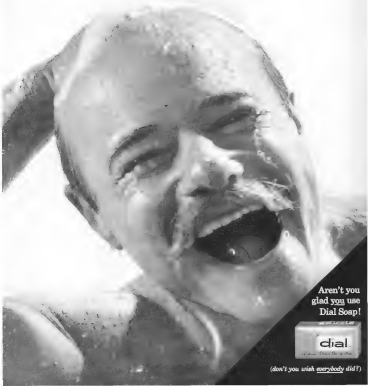
Colin Chapman, the Lotus boss, has been cooperative—to a certain extent. He has helped to alter my car, making it smoother with better penetration. These changes have lessened drag and so increased the speed. But the car remains a compromise nevertheless. Obviously Colin Chapman's ideal is to help me finish just behind—but not in front of—his own drivers. I am not able to drive a 1961 Cooper either.

In a team that is run in the accepted fashion there is always a No. 1 man. If he is doing well in a race, the others are sometimes held back. But to me motor

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SHORT, HAPPY CAREER OF A JOCKEY

by WHITNEY TOWER

Rating his progress step by step, Johnny Sellers has reached the top in seven years. By the time six more pass, he says, he will have become a cowboy

John Larry Sellers, a genial, freckle-faced youth with hazel-blue eyes and an engagingly toothy grin (see cover), bears an easy resemblance to any young man on his way up. He also bears a great deal of watching, and the members of the elite corps of jockeys shown on the next two pages are doing just that. For Johnny Sellers is a jockey who, long unnoticed, has suddenly and quietly intruded upon the intensely competitive top ranks of Thoroughbred racing. He has won more races than any other rider this year and if, at year's end, he still holds that lead, usurping the prestigious position recently associated with

either Bill Hartack or Willie Shoemaker, it will be exactly as the boyish, 24-year-old Sellers has planned it all along.

Sellers was the first to ring up purses totaling \$1 million this year, though it is sometimes said that seldom has one man owed so much to one horse. The horse in this case is Carry Back, that excellent brown colt who won the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness under Sellers, as well

as the Flamingo and the Florida Derby. Certainly it is true that Sellers' sudden fame is directly connected with Carry Back (and the half a million dollars they have won together), but it is also true that of the 245 races Sellers has won this year, he won only six with Carry Back.

Jack Price, Carry Back's outspoken co-owner and trainer, winks at these wins, saying, "Actually, Sellers just steers the horse; anyone else could probably do just as well." Says John Sellers, a trifle more realistically, "I know perfectly well that a lot of winners won't make you a leading rider. I know some people say I wouldn't be anybody if I hadn't lucked onto T.V. Lark [with whom Sellers won five races and \$300,000 last year] and Carry Back. Well, sure, maybe I did luck onto those horses. But I got the job done, didn't I?"

There is no doubt that Sellers got the job done, too, with scores of lesser horses this year (at last count, he was 39 ahead of his nearest rival, Shoemaker, and 46 ahead of Hartack). While it may be premature to proclaim him a great jockey, there is ample proof of his steadily growing ability. Sellers' credentials include a deft sense of balance, an enviable coolness under pressure and a well-disciplined intelligence. On the tall side for a jockey (he's 5 feet 6), he has a high seat that gives him an awkward look when racing, but in a drive he levels



PLAYING WITH SON Much near his success at home in Chicago, John Sellers took his lanky Flamingo into a leading pool. At 5 feet 6, he is considerably taller than most race jockeys.



BILL HARTACK



EDDIE ARCARD



JOHNNY LONGENE



WILLIE SNODGRASS



MANGEL YCAZA



ISMAEL VALENZUELA



SAM BOULMETIS



BEN UNSKY

out remarkably well. Altogether, his closest rivals share a high regard for the upstart. "He's one of the finest boys riding," says Shoemaker, a man of few words. Hartack concurs: "Sellers doesn't make many mistakes. He's a capable rider who does everything well."

Almost like a Curry Back race, in which that colt is likely to win by coming out of nowhere at the last instant, Johnny Sellers' seven-year riding career has been a measured, orderly process that all at once has spurred him ahead of the pack. "I've been much longer getting to be a leading rider than either Shoemaker or Hartack [who won the riding championship in their second and third years respectively]," says Sellers, "but all my life I've tried to move along by degrees, and this has been especially true of how I built up my confidence. After I did all right in Detroit, I came to Chicago, where things are that much tougher. Now I guess I'd like to go to New York—I think I'm ready to ride in that league." Before tackling New York, Sellers is spending August and September in Atlantic City—because he figures he can ride more winners there than in Chicago, where Shoemaker and Hartack are.

Sellers' determination to go for the top was not in evidence until 1955, but he began riding when he was 5, the year his father gave him a pony. "From the start I rode all the time," he says, "and even though I was a little bitty squirt my father made me saddle up myself and do all the work." By the time he was 12, Sellers was galloping Thoroughbreds on a schoolmate's ranch, in Tulsa, his boyhood home. Three years later he left the Thoroughbreds of the South-west for the faster, classier ones in the bluegrass country of Kentucky. There he signed up with Harry Trotsek, trainer for Hasty House Farm. Trotsek has a reputation for being a fine developer of riding talent, and he appraised young Sellers with a practiced and calculating eye. "I didn't do anything to discourage him," Trotsek recalled the other day. "On the contrary, I told him all the good things that could happen to him, such as all the money to be made by a boy with ability."

Sellers' first job was exercising the Hasty House horses at Churchill Downs. He slept in a tack room not far from the winner's circle where he and Curry Back were escorted after their victory in the Derby last May. ("I looked at myself

in the circle," says Sellers, "and then I looked over to that barn I used to live in. 'Man,' I said to myself, 'you've come a little ways since then, haven't you?'"

In 1955, when Johnny got his first chance at competitive track riding, he finished 11th in a race at Suringbush Park. He rode 37 more times before he had his first winner in March and then only because the first horse under the wire was disqualified. But from then on, Sellers'

ridden to victory three times this year, will henceforth carry Hartack, who has ridden as successfully for the Moody Jolley family, which owns the horse.

But perhaps such reverses do not worry John Sellers because, for all the success he has had in racing, he does not have the real passion for horses that characterizes a Johnny Longden—who at 54 does not count it a full day unless he starts it by galloping horses at 6 a.m.



WORKING A CALF on his ranch shortly after winning the Kentucky Derby, Sellers anchors the saddle horn. "A quarter horse is so hard to ride, I'm not ashamed to hold on," he says.

program, while not always spectacular, was satisfactorily steady: 113 winners his first season, 148 the next, 169 in 1959. Last year Sellers found himself with 234 winners and in fourth place among all riders. Moreover, he was sixth among the money winners. Horses he was on earned \$1,464,550, of which he got the usual 10%.

Sellers is so confident he will win the riding title this year that he took a week's vacation not long ago with his wife Janice and their 2-year-old son, Mark. The indulgence probably cost him a few winners but isn't likely to handicap him too much unless he is hit by a suspension. He has been suspended only four times, and not once in the past two years.

The only other things that might rattle his composure are recent developments concerning two of his usual mounts. If Curry Back goes to Paris for the Arc de Triomphe in October, it is probable that Jack Price will engage a jockey who knows the course. In addition, Ridan, a brilliant 2-year-old on whom Sellers has

"I find," says Sellers, "that there's always a constant fight and argument within myself to keep going. I know I have the ability, but I have to exert myself all the time to be sure I go on and do my best." So far he has managed to maintain the necessary competitive zeal.

But, unlike the venerable Eddie Arcaro (45) and the truly ancient Longden, Sellers has no intention of going on forever. He has set himself a limit of six more years of race riding, plans then to retire (at the age of 30) to the 100-acre cattle ranch he owns in Tulsa. "I would like to raise quarter horses and cattle," he says, "and be financially independent, so I won't have to spend the rest of my life walking hets around a stable or tending a filling station."

"After all, I'm making more than \$100,000 a year, none of which I put back into racing because I don't bet. My interest is investing in some stocks and in an education for myself and, of course, in the ranch and the chance to settle out in the country in a life I really love."

END

HOW COME, SPIDER?

As manager in a bonus-baby bush league, a onetime Brooklyn Dodger infielder has to find the answers to some rather fantastic questions—as well as rake the infield and do the laundry, too

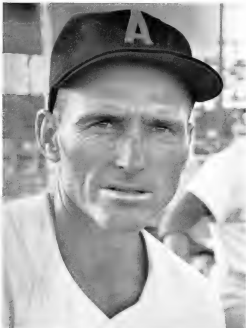
by GERALD HOLLAND

There were times during the long, hot season when John (Spider) Jorgensen, the manager of the Artesia, N. Mex. Dodgers in the Class D Sophomore League, didn't know whether to bust out laughing or break down and cry.

If Spider, the onetime hard-hitting third baseman for the Brooklyn Dodgers (1947-59), were a man given to tears he might have been close to them as he addressed his last-place, 18-man ball club in the concrete-block, tin-roofed clubhouse underneath the stands of the Artesia ball park one evening toward the end of the season.

"Fellows," Spider pleaded emotionally, "haven't I tried to be fair and square with you all summer? Haven't I done a lot of little things for you? Didn't I lend you my pickup truck when you had dates? When the groundskeeper's wife forgot to do the laundry, didn't I take the towels to the laundromat and do them myself? When the groundskeeper failed to show, didn't I get out there and help rake the infield? Oh, sure, I had to fire a few of you that I caught in the all-night hamburger joint at 2 o'clock in the morning, but you know that was for your own good. When you've come to me with your problems, haven't I tried to be as understanding and as helpful as your own fathers would be? Yeah, I know, I know I blew

Frustrated by a season spent in last place, the poker-faced Spider still can laugh at himself.





UNIMPRESSED By the same old story, teammates Jack Belknap (left) and Ron McLendon (center) disagree as Freddie (right)

shows a new one and a new one in a new one. (He had with the St. Paul club last year. The three players were teammates in 1960.)

my top bats of times when you kept breaking bats after I showed you they wouldn't split if you held them right. Be fair: wasn't I within my rights? You know this ball club has split more bats than any team in the league."

There were murmurs of assent and vigorous nodding of heads among the young players.

"All right then?" cried Spider. "Now will you do something for me? Will you go out there tonight and win me a ball game? We can still get out of last place if we all bear down. Boys, I hate to lose it kills me, it makes me bitter. Win me out, will you?"

With loud, fierce cries of determination and pounding of gloves, the signal broke for the deer and started out to the playing field.

"Acton!"

Jim Acton, a 20-year-old left-handed pitcher from Fullerton, Calif., stopped and turned back to his manager.

"Acton," said Spider. "I thought I might start you tonight. How do you feel?"

Acton, in whose frank and open countenance there is no trace of guile, put a reassuring hand on Spider's shoulder. "Put me in there," he said. "I'm ready, Babe."

It is at times like this that Spider, who is a sucker for the absurd situation, is in grave danger of having his laughter

"Good," he said, keeping a straight face. "And while I have the chance, Jim, I want to thank you for calling me Babe all season. It's one of those nice little touches that makes a manager feel he's really communicating with his players."

Acton nodded. "I dig, Babe," he said. "And while I'm on the subject, Jim."

Spider went on. "I've been meaning to tell you something. When you get back to California, you'll be dropping in the office of the L.A. Dodgers. Now Fresno Thompson, the vice-president of the club, naturally keeps a pretty close eye on this team because of our working agreement. So this is a little tip for you. Fresno is the type of guy who likes ball-players with personality. He'll know from my daily reports that you earned an average isn't so hot, but you can get around that if you handle him right."

Jim Acton was listening carefully.

"How do I handle the man, Babe?"

Spider swallowed hard and cleared his throat. "Call him Babe like you call me. Fresno will go for that. He'll think you like him a lot and he wants ball-players to like him. Maybe, I don't know, he has a deep-down feeling of

insecurity. Your calling him Babe will give him a big lift."

"This I appreciate," said Acton.

"I knew you would," said Spider. "Now go on out there and pitch me a ball game."

Acton squared his shoulders and swaggered out the door. In a moment, Spider followed him. Near the doorway, one of his coaches, 35-year-old Paul LaRocca from Valley Stream, on Long Island, was waiting for him.

"Spider," said LaRocca, "you were saying about being like a father."

Spider looked at him in mild alarm.

"That reminded me," said LaRocca, "about something my father told me that I don't understand."

"Go ahead, boy, speak up, get it off your chest," said Spider.

"Well," said LaRocca, "my father was telling me that when he was a little kid, 40 years ago maybe, they used to have terrible winters in New York. It snowed all the time. Then, for 40 years, it didn't snow hardly at all. Then last year, Spider, it snowed all the time again and there were blizzards, and it was just like when my father was a kid. Now come, Spider."

Spider, who has learned to answer all questions promptly no matter how far

Continued

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NOW COME, SPIDER? *continued*

out he has to reach, took a deep breath. "Why," he said, "that situation there is due to the tilting of the earth on its axis. Forty years ago the earth was tilted in such a way as to dump heavy snow on New York, and then it gave a tilt around the other way and the winters were mild. Then last year the earth tilted back to where it was 40 years ago. That accounts for the heavy snow and the blizzards."

LaRocca frowned and pondered. "Yeah," he said after a moment. "O.K. Much obliged, Spider."

Dick Strutz, the 21-year-old infielder from St. Paul, walked up on LaRocca moved away.

"Spider," he said, "have you got any garters?"

Spider squatted down and picked a blade of grass. It was the quick movement of a veteran infielder who, at 41, is as lean and agile as when he was playing at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn. He was still active as a player-coach with Vancouver in the Pacific Coast League as recently as 1959. Artesia is his second managerial assignment.

Spider glanced up at Strutz, a good-looking 195-pound six-footer who is really the most sophisticated man on the Artesia roster. He spent almost two months of last season with St. Paul, then in the American Association, and never tired of telling his teammates about the high level of living in that rarefied baseball atmosphere.

"Funny you should ask about garters, Strutz," said Spider. "It just so happens that I sat up until 3 o'clock this morning making garters. But doggone it, I just now remember that I came off and left them scattered all over the bed. Run in the clubhouse and take the keys to my pickup and drive over to my apartment and get them."

"Listen, Spider, a busted garter is nothing to kid about," said Strutz.

"Who's kidding?" said Spider. "Didn't you hear the inside story of why Joe Gordon was fired as manager at Kansas City? He let himself run out of garters, that's why."

"O.K., Spider," said Strutz. "I guess I'll have to try to find a safety pin somewhere."

Out in center field, one of the Artesia pitchers who had worked the night before climbed up on the scoreboard and took a seat on a folding chair. His job was to keep an eye out for balls hit over

YDE GUY

TEAM
VISITOR
ARTESIA

KNOCKED OUT THE NIGHT BEFORE.

the fence during hitting practice and direct one of several small boys who are retained (at \$2 a night) to chase after them.

Underneath the grandstand, the man in charge of the concession stand sent two seat cushions to a customer and sold a hot dog and a bottle of Squirr, a popular soft drink in the West, to another man. The concession man, who works on a straight salary, is V. R. Hickman, principal of one of Artesia's elementary schools.

Tonight's opponents of the Artesia Dodgers were the Hobbs Pirates. They would not take hitting practice because they did that before setting out from Hobbs, 60 miles away. After the game, they would drive back and have their midnight supper when they got there.

Public announcement

Up in the press box, Paul Frost, a distinguished-looking man with crew-cut gray hair, leaned forward and spoke into the public address system:

"Will you kids down there in the box seat section along the third-base line stop walking on top of these railings and get back up there in the stands where you belong!"

The kids scurried back up to where they belonged with no face-saving dawdling about it, for the voice of Paul Frost has the ring of authority. He is no ordinary ball park announcer. He does that chore (as well as the official scoring) because he happens to be presi-



AN AUTON IS BANISHED TO SCOREBOARD TO SPOT BALLS HIT OVER THE FENCE

dent of the Artesia ball club and has to save a dollar where he can. Baseball is just a hobby with Mr. Frost. He is an electrical engineer, a graduate of Purdue and the manager of the thriving electric power and telephone cooperatives serving the surrounding countryside. He led the campaign to get Artesia a team in the Sophomore League four years ago, along with Grady Wright, an oil producer; Ralph Bea, also an oil man; Robert Boardland, an accountant; Charles Johnson, a banker; Earl Zigler, an oil supply man; J. L. Taylor, a rancher; and James Ferguson, a retired merchant.

As the game got under way, Mr. Frost rood off the lineup he had personally obtained from the rival managers and then identified each hitter and gave the autumns at the end of each half inning. In between times, he answered some questions about the team and the league.

"The Sophomore League," he said, "is a sort of an incubator for more than a million dollars' worth of bonus babies who have been signed by major league ball clubs. We didn't get any of the big ones. Bill Sebers, our first-string catcher, who was sent to us by the Los Angeles Dodgers, got \$15,000 for signing, and Don Ardell, who was optioned to us by the Los Angeles Angels just a little more than a week ago, got something like \$40,000. The Alpine Club must have \$300,000 worth of bonus babies. I believe one of their boys got \$125,000."

"That," said Jimmy Cox of the *Artesia Daily Press* ("covering the Heart

of Southeastern New Mexico's Growing Oil and Ranch Empire"), "is probably more than Spider Jorgensen made in his entire major league career."

"Very likely," said Mr. Frost.

"Aren't the lights in this ball park kind of dim?" asked an out-of-town man.

"Yes," said Mr. Frost, "but we can't do anything about that. The park belongs to the city and we get it for \$1 a year."

"Because of the dim lights," said Jimmy Cox, "some people call this Candlestick Park."

"Getting back to the Sophomore League," said Mr. Frost, "there are five New Mexico teams in it and the sixth one is at El Paso, Texas. No boy with more than three years of professional experience can play in this league. Every club has a working agreement with a big league club. Ours is with the Los Angeles Dodgers. Hobbs works with the Pittsburgh Pirates. The Alpine Cowboys work with Boston, the Carlsbad Potashers work with the Chicago Cubs, the Albuquerque Dukes are tied up with the Kansas City Athletics and the El Paso San Kings work with the San Francisco Giants. Excuse me."

Tasty sausage

Mr. Frost picked up a piece of paper and spoke into the microphone:

"Tonight's lucky scoreboard prize has been won by Mr. J. R. Bradshaw. If Mr. Bradshaw will come to the press box he will receive a certificate for two pounds

of Payne's tasty pork sausage and two pounds of Payne's finest winners, courtesy the Payne Packing Company."

The out-of-town man got up and said, "I think I'll mosey down to the dugout and see how Spider is feeling."

"I'll walk part way with you," said Jimmy Cox. "I want to see some people on a story. Will you join me in a bottle of Squirt?"

"A little later, James," said the out-of-town man. "I'll find you in the stands."

That wouldn't be difficult because there were no more than 200 persons at the game (Artesia has a population of about 12,000). The women had put on their sweaters, for although the thermometer had touched 100° that afternoon there was now a chill wind roaring through the park, kicking up the dust and sand of the infield and dispersing, for the moment, the small clouds of king-sized mosquitoes that were clustered about the heads of the players and the umpires.

The game was going into the top half of the sixth. Spider was feeling a lot better than he had felt coming out of the top half of the first. Jim Acton had got off to a shaky start, and Hobbs had scored three runs. But Acton, after dousing himself liberally with mosquito repellent in the dugout, pulled himself together and pitched four hitless innings. Meanwhile, with the help of two Hobbs errors, Acton's teammates had given him a 3-1 lead. Now he was facing Lyle Owens of the visitors, the first man up in the sixth.

Owens hit the ball out of the park, and after Norm Housley had struck out, Ronald Woods hammered to tie the score at 5-5. Then Bill Siebert singled, Harper Cooper walked and Bill Weaver rapped out the third home run of the inning. That was all for well-intentioned Jim Acton. Spider called in Ron Wikowski (who was so homesick for his home town of Buffalo that he had been crossing out each passing day on a calendar ever since the start of the season), and as Ron threw a few warm-up pitches Jim Acton walked sadly off the field. He knew that tomorrow night he would be sitting on the folding chair up on the scoreboard. As he passed Spider, he said simply, "Sorry, Babe."

Things got worse instead of better. Wikowski couldn't stop the Hobbs hitters, and Rudy Matulka of Omaha, Neb., actually an outfielder, had to finish the game—but not before Spider had

—Continued



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NOW COME, SPIDERY *continued*

been thrown out of the game for his vehement protest of what he considered a bum call at the plate. The final score, with Spider still fuming up in the stands, was posted as Hobbs 13, Arcticia 5.

Soon the victorious Pirates were piling into their cars for the 90-mile drive back to Hobbs. The defeated Arcticia Dodgers were assembled in The Steak House, an all-night eating place, listening to Dick Strutz hold forth once more on the good

Squirt. You can't drive a motor scooter for 30 a mile."

Strutz reached for a toothpick and smiled. "Umpires can," he said.

Meanwhile, at Hotel Arcticia, Paul Frost and Spider Jorgensen had accepted an invitation for a postgame drink with the out-of-town man.

"What will it be, gentlemen?" asked the waitress in the cocktail lounge.

"Scotch and soda," said Paul Frost.

"A bottle of Squirt," said the man from out of town.



PAUL FROST, PRESIDENT OF BALL CLUB DOUBLES AS ANNOUNCER IN THE PRESS BOX

life at lived in the Triple-A American Association.

"Up there in St. Paul," said Strutz, "they used to have a guy in the clubhouse who had your socks and uniform all laid out for you when you walked in. There was another guy who didn't do anything but shine shoes. On the road, you got \$10 a day eating money, not the lousy three bucks we get down here."

"Strutz," said Lou Pannella, a third baseman from Philadelphia, "you are nuts. They only get \$10 a day meal money in the major leagues."

"In the major leagues," said Strutz, "they get \$13."

"Strutz," said Ron Witkowski, the pitcher, "what do umpires get for traveling in their own cars?"

Dick Strutz, who—if he had learned nothing else from Spider Jorgensen this season—had at least learned never to let any question go unanswered, replied without hesitation, "An umpire gets 30 a mile for the use of his car."

Pannella exploded. "You're crazy,

Spider Jorgensen leaned across the table, the muscles in his jaw taut, still not over the night's defeat and the hassle with the umpire. "It's the same everywhere," he said, slapping the table. "I don't care whether it's Yankee Stadium, the Coliseum in L.A. or the ball park down here in Class D. You just can't win ball games without pitching."

Paul Frost and the out-of-town man nodded in sympathy.

The waitress touched Spider gently on the shoulder. He whirled around in a jerky, nervous rotation.

"What?" he said, looking up at the girl.

"I'm waiting for your order, Spider," said the girl.

"Oh," said Spider, slumping back in his chair. He thought a moment and then said, "Squirt. Vodka and Squirt."

The out-of-town man didn't say so, but he couldn't help feeling that if any man in the state of New Mexico deserved vodka in his Squirt this evening it was John (Spider) Jorgensen. **END**

Do you see it?
Sails furled,
a hidden cove,
the wild shore.
And you, Gimlet,



with your own
delicious seascape
of gin, **Rose's
Lime Juice**
and ice.

That's the way
it's going to be.
Well, you're ready
to sail. I've got the hat.
Now all we need
is somebody who
owns a boat.

Vodka also gets the Gimlet under way.
Recipe: 4 or 5 parts vodka or gin
to 1 part Rose's Lime Juice, over ice,
in an old-fashioned or cocktail glass.
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND



GOLDEN SAVAGE OF THE JUNGLE RIVERS

Brazil's finest game fish, the dourado, puts up a wearing fight, but between rounds a fisherman can live in luxury at a fine hotel deep in a tropical forest against the backdrop of Iguaçu Falls

by MARTIN KANE

Proud of their land of curies and confusions—like fruit-eating game fish and whisky-soda that turns out to be whisky-lemon-pop—Brazilians brag that no fewer than 2,000 species of fish inhabit the Amazon River and its tributaries. Still other species, including recently introduced rainbow trout, flourish in still other rivers.

But, Brazilians go on, there is one special fish the visitor must catch if he is to appreciate the sporting possibilities of their vast, wild country. That fish is the dourado (Spanish: *dorado*), a golden river savage as vicious as a piranha; a conchito sometimes surpassing 60 pounds in weight; an acrobat that jumps like a tarpon and yet, unlike the tarpon, cooks sweetly on the grill.

To take a dourado you don't have to paddle hundreds of miles up enchanted rivers, risking poisoned arrows, tamarisks or yellow fever. You can fly in. And one of the best places to fly to without leaving civilized comforts as well as Copacabana Beach far behind is Iguaçu (pronounced ee-gwa-rose) Falls, some 730 miles southwest of Rio de Janeiro. There the rose-colored, Brazilian colonial Hotel das Cataratas do Iguaçu offers tropical semiluxury: a swimming pool, a tennis court of sorts and an oasis for the wife. While she

sits and contemplates the splendor of the falls of Iguaçu, higher and wider than Niagara, her husband may fish downstream for the big dourado that abounds there or for another fish the Brazilians call a salmon, though it is not, or for the delectable pacu, which likes to lie beneath jacaranda trees on the river's bank and eat their cherry-sized yellow fruit as it falls into the water. It is this diet, perhaps, that makes the pacu's flesh so sweet. And on light tackle the pacu is a fair country fighter.

But light tackle is seldom seen on the

Iguaçu. The fashionable way to go after dourado or any other fish there is with a stiff and powerful 12-foot cane pole and a line about one-third the diameter of a clothesline. No reel. The locals horse the fish in by main strength and ignorance. Franz, hotel bartender by night and fishing guide by day, prefers line of 120-pound test. Other part-time guides—Andrew, in charge of purifying the hotel's water, and Paraguru, the night watchman—use similar tackle, even when they are bottom-fishing for passively nonresistant catfish in the water

above the falls. They tell somber tales of poles wrenched from their hands by giant dourado and listen politely but unconvinced when the advantage of the spinning reel's drag is explained and demonstrated. Their preferred bait is the lamberti, a fish some five inches long, but they also use large silver spoons.

Obviously, from these guides you will get no expert advice on tackle and casting methods—but there nothing much is needed. They will take you to the good spots, and the dourado is so voracious—when five days hatched he eats his siblings—that no delicacy of presentation is required.

"He'll strike at anything that

continued



THE MAGNIFICENT FALLS of Iguaçu, higher than Niagara, dominate the fishing scene, even as the fighting dourado dominates the river itself.





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moves," says Franz, though Hotel Manager Guilherme Martini does not believe the dourado can be induced to strike feather lures or bucktails.

Since the dourado needs a generous oxygen supply, he is found mostly in the rapids. The best method is to cast a spoon upstream and out and retrieve just fast enough to keep it two or three inches below the surface while leading it through the whitest water. With a spoon you strike immediately, but if bait is used the dourado may mouth it for as long as five minutes before it is advisable to strike. You must strike hard and hope your hooks are sharp because the dourado's mouth is tough. He has sharp teeth, so a short wire leader is necessary, and since he is likely to abrade the line against the river's many rocks, anything less durable than 12-pound monofilament, if spinning tackle is used, is a needless risk. If bait-casting tackle is your choice, a reel with a drag is indicated, or at least a leather thumbtroll.

One 60-pound dourado has been taken from the Iguaçu. All local fishermen, like local fishermen the world over, remember the fish that got away and are certain even bigger fish are still in the river. The largest taken anywhere in Brazil went 70 pounds, according to Dr. Manoel Batista de Moraes Filho of Brazil's Division of Fish and Game, who supervised its recent transplantation into rivers in which it is not native.

Big or small, the dourado jumps the instant he feels the hook. In the fight that follows he may jump half a dozen times, leaping six feet straight up on occasion.

During the best season—September, October and November—it is not unusual for a fisherman to take four or more dourado from the Iguaçu in the course of a long morning's fishing. December through February is good, too, if you don't mind extreme heat. But in the rainy season, April through August, the river may swell in its deep gorge as much as 65 feet above flood stage.

The fish Brazilians call a salmon runs up to 20 pounds in the Iguaçu. It has pink meat and, as a table delicacy, is rated above the dourado and below the pacu. Like the pacu, which may go to 25 pounds and is shaped rather like an angelfish, it is a fruit-eater at times and quite a good fighter.

Between November and January the dourado go upstream to spawn and

there encounter the impassable falls of Iguaçu. Like salmon, they try to climb the falls, leaping prodigiously up through the cascades, falling back and leaping up again. Dourado are spectacular breeders, laying approximately 70,000 eggs per pound. This fertility encourages Brazilian ichthyologists to believe that no matter what the fishing pressure the dourado will survive.

There's much more to the dourado, the salmon and the pacu to make Iguaçu Falls worth a visit. Situated near the point where Paraguay, Argentina and Brazil meet, the falls are near the southern extremity of the tropical forest. You

feet wide and 167 feet high. (Africa's Victoria Falls measures 400 feet in width and is 350 feet high.)

Iguaçu is not yet tourist-trampled; there is at present no telephone communication with the outside, and all reservations are made by wireless. But a change may come with the government's recent authorization of another 100 rooms to be added to the 47 now available. And a new airstrip on which faster, more comfortable planes than DC-3s can land is certain to step up patronage.

Anyone who goes to Iguaçu is likely to stop over at Rio. Until this summer



THE DOURADO'S CONFORMATION is similar to that of some fish in the salmon group. But actually the dourado is classed scientifically as a *Schizothorax* mandolinatus Val. of the Characidae family. All rivers of the Plata Basin contain dourado and, in addition, rivers of the San Francisco Basin are the habitat of related fighting species.

won't see jaguars, but they are there in the woods surrounding the hotel, and there are tame coats playing on the lawn, ripe yellow guavas to be plucked and eaten, giant bamboos, tall coconut palms, big spiders threading their webs across the trails and more kinds of butterflies than have yet been counted. The butterflies, filled with a charming curiosity about humans, like to light on your bare hands or arms.

The falls are part of the Parque Nacional de Iguaçu, a tract of 1,530,000 square meters, with another tract one-third the size on the Argentine side of the river. Founded in 1939, the park's purpose is to preserve natural wildness, exotic trees and strange animals—not only jaguar but capybara (world's biggest rodent), tapir, deer, monkeys, coatis, wild pigs and anacondas. From the Argentine to the Brazilian side of the falls is one mile in a straight line, but some 11,890 feet if one follows the circular route of the falls. Total fall is 308 feet. For comparison, Niagara Falls is 3,200

feet wide and 167 feet high. (Africa's Victoria Falls measures 400 feet in width and is 350 feet high.)

the man who wanted to fish the harbor or go outside could do so only if he had friends at the yacht club. There were neither guides nor charter boats. Now, however, David Soli, a Yugoslav with a pretty Scottish wife, and Dr. Joaquim Beckin, one of Brazil's leading physicians and a passionate fisherman, have established Diva Diversmentos Aquáticos, a plush guide-and-charter service that includes cocktails aboard the boat, served by a pretty English-speaking housewife, and luncheon at the late Clube do Brazil or the late Clube do Rio de Janeiro.

Most of the fish that inhabit Florida waters—dolphins, amberjacks, kingfish, blue, snook, groupers, jewfish and so on—are found in and near Rio's harbor. There are even bonefish and permit on the harbor flats. North and south of the city there is surf fishing for pompano and blues. One very productive spot at times is from the roof of a large cave, the Gruta da Imprensa, only 15 minutes from downtown. Fish it only in good weather, however, for

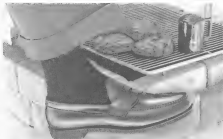
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sometimes when the water is rough huge waves wash fishermen off the rock.

In addition to fishing with rod and reel, Sidi and Belém offer spearfishing, which is extremely popular in Brazil, possibly because the 1960 world champion spearfisherman, Bruno Hermann, and the world's top deep-free diver, Americo Santarelli, are Brazilians. Those who don't care for either kind of fishing can just charter the 44-foot yawl *Ondas* for a day's cruise about the harbor.

Associated with Belém and Sidi are two young North Americans, Louis Nohi and Charles Cabell, who offer guided safaris into the interior to hunt for jaguar and, of course, to fish. At Cabo Frio, 35 miles east of Rio, there is *swimming—useful fishing for dolphins—as many as 20 per rod have been taken in a day—but as yet neither guides nor boats are available for hire.*

Brazilians, who have hitherto resigned themselves to the fact that touring North Americans generally prefer to go to Europe, are just beginning to develop the facilities that might divert some of this trade to South America. The basic ingredients—good sport, scenery that exhausts the average traveler's supply of fire, and charming, eagerly helpful people—are there.

END

IGUAÇU FALLS TRAVEL FACTS

Getting there: Real-Brazil Airlines has daily flights from São Paulo. DC-10 or Convair take four or five hours, cost \$66 round trip. Argentine Airlines flies DC-10 Mondays, Wednesdays. Flies from Buenos Aires. Flight takes six hours. Though any good travel agent can make arrangements, hotel reservations can also be made through Real-Brazil.

Staying there: Hotel das Cataratas is comfortably first class, with many rooms overlooking falls. Rooms are \$8 to \$12 per person with breakfast. Abundant lunch and dinner average \$2. Food is well-cooked, Brazilian-flavored, Italian, steak, roasts, tropical fruits and, of course, fish. Chef will cook your wish for you. Wines are good—especially Brazilian. Lubliner's—cheap and cost about \$1 per bottle. **Playing there:** Hotel has pool, tennis courts, billiards, table tennis, movies. Standard court of full regatta and rain forests are 34. Fishing grounds are 500 per day, boat 200.



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A 'bag of tricks' crammed with bargains

Europe's boutiques beguile American buyers
with sport clothes that exude
the sparkle of France and the charm of Italy



SHADE PONCHO IS HIT OF RICCI BOUTIQUE

The French have a phrase, "*être à tout*," which means "the whole bag of tricks." This summer, at the same time that Italian and French designers of the *haute couture* were showing their mostly disappointing fall collections to the largest gathering ever of store buyers and press, their own boutique collections were full of sportswear that contained, if not "the whole bag of tricks," at least a good share of them.

Europe's boutique creations now have the same kind of outdoor vitality one finds in American sportswear. Whether situated on the elegant ground floor of a designer's Paris atelier or the shady informality of a Riviera beachfront, the boutiques are crammed with fashions and bargains.

In the cool, gray quiet of Christian Dior's Paris boutique are buttery suede coats, collectors' sweaters and knit costumes that exude the very air of the Bois de Boulogne. The knitwear starts at \$50, for soft cable-knit pullovers with collars of knitted loops, and goes on up to such luxuries for travelers or spectators as three-piece costumes of cashmere, wide-ribbed-edged jackets, sleeveless pull-overs and pleated skirts.

While every fashion house in Paris denies that it copies itself in its own boutique, each reflects the personality and lines of the designers in charge and the prevailing trends of the season. Many

smart young girls in Paris know that the successes of the *couture* turn up in boutique versions later in the season. And the difference in price certainly makes them worth waiting for. For example, a pink fleece coat that would be perfect at Longchamp or Santa Anita is fitted in front and straight-hanging in back, giving the owner the up-to-the-minute look of the fall season for \$155, less 20%; for traveler's checks, a buy hard to duplicate for value anywhere in the U.S.

Suede and python skins

Nina Ricci's boutique export business has grown so that the house has established a "little collection" designed by Ruben Torres, protégé of *Couturier* Jean Craybas and costume designer for White Stag of Portland, Oregon. At collection time in July, 200 different styles were shown with as much drama as at a big *couture* opening. Leather, out like the less-sporting materials upstairs in Craybas's collection, was the hit of the show. The suede poncho shown in the illustration above, for example, has the same swirling silhouette, buttoned on one side, as the capes that were Craybas's big *couture* successes. It costs \$240.

Sporty little raincoats have become the uniform of such New Wave actresses as Pascale Petit and Jean Seberg, and some kind of way-out shocker is in every boutique. Nina Ricci has one, for instance, that is a black-rubber balneocap lined with gray flannel. And Aldo Chiari of Turin has a raincoat made of six python skins.

Chanel is a designer whose great contemporary success is based on the easy contrived jackets and walking skirts of her suits. She is also one of the few designers in Paris who don't have a boutique downstairs. Fortunately for the woman who likes the casual Chanel cut of things (and just about every smart woman in Paris does), almost every shop on the Faubourg Saint Honoré is in effect a Chanel boutique. To her delight these shops all copy her suits—Chanel is one designer who actually encourages the copycats. The collections had hardly been shown before the new look of Chanel's tweeds, so soft they looked like knits, trimmed with fuzzy

wool and braid, and with bar pins clanking the jackets above the bosom, began showing up in all the windows.

One boutique that has not been affected by the caprices of French designers this season or any season in its 100-odd years is Hermès, the saddle, leather and sportswear shop on the Faubourg Saint Honoré (58, May 23, 1960). Hermès might be called the purveyor of the child-sty look. Its customers include such chivalresses as the Duchess of Windsor, Suzy Volterra and the Princess de Réthy. Leather is the thing this season as always at Hermès, and a leather golf skirt is \$100, a leather coat \$400. Hermès' well-known silk scarves are now made up into casual skirts, and they're selling very well for \$40.

Meanwhile, in Saint Tropez, at Madame Vachon's (she's the Belongings of the Bendor beach set), this summer's bargain is a traffic-stopping outfit composed of hip-level pants—a bikini with legs, you might say—and an abbreviated pullover top that leaves about eight inches of skin showing. All this for \$12. Anyone who could was giggling into their last week, tended by shopgirls who rushed around with folding screens for dressing rooms.



Illustration by David

PORPION HAT. diagonal-veeved parka make Pucci's ski pants seem slimmer than they are.

In Italy the boutiques are even more important than they are in Paris, and they are as varied and as full of local flavor as Italian wines.

The little shops of Rome's Via Condotti and Capri's Piazza Umberto produce such made-to-order overnight items as sandals, pants and sweaters. Italy's fashion industry would be a commercial flop, in spite of its grandiose showings in Renaissance palaces, if it weren't for the excitement of the boutique collections that every designer brings out in advance of his *haute couture* collection. One buyer for an important group of American stores says he spends 80% of his money on sportswear items. "Italian sportswear," he says, "fits American women like a surtun."

Pink stockings and pagodas

Award-winning designer Emilio Pucci, who practically invented stretch fabric, is still the most inventive user of it. He even has contrived one of his one-piece capris in stretch velveteen with a V-necked beaded top and suggests that modern women will wear it to the opera. (Perhaps at La Scala, not yet at the Met.) Skier Pucci makes bulky pile-lined parkas of skipper-blue poplin that are meant to be worn over bulky turtle-neck sweaters with matching porpion knit hoods. The parkas have diagonal zip closures and were shown a week before all the Paris houses went on a diagonal-closing kick. Pucci also has made gray-fannel travel suits of a stretchable wool that could be among the most prophetic developments on the European fashion scene this year.

Other after-the clothes in the Italian boutique collections could costume a *cavendish* set's production of *The Three Musketeers*. There are figure-hugging knitted skirts and cardigans that button to the knees, to be worn with pink stockings. Knitwear designer Laura Aponte showed little-boy suits of black-and-white checks with belted jackets over long tight pants. The *ragazzo* look was emphasized with floppy oversized caps.

Italy's high priestess of what to wear after skiing at Gstaad or when you're giving a dinner party and somebody else is doing the cooking is Princess Irene Galitzine. Among the major innovations at her showings in Florence were her flared tunic tops of pastel silk worn over flared pajama-leg bottoms, giving the silhouette of a Chinese pagoda, an image enhanced by huge bibs of beads. Galitzine also has solved what has been



PAGODA-LIKE PAJAMAS. Irene Galitzine was made for St. Moritz and not for the beaches.

an uncomfortably perplexing problem: how to hide the strap strap that keeps stretch pants stretched. She uses fringe or loops or little scarves to obscure the objectionable strap. The work of this fine Italian hand permits the discarding of the clumsy boots that everybody else uses to hide the strappings and the use of Galitzine's little-heeled pump instead.

Italian knits are world famous and have become the most important single transatlantic fashion commodity. The current leader of the Italian knitwear business is the Marquise de Greys, whose sportswear firm of Miris is so busy that she shows a collection only out of deference to the Italian *couture* group; she can't handle any more customers. Russell Carpenter of J. Magnin in California leaves a \$1 million order with Miris each season. And when the Miris sweaters and dresses arrive at Magnin's the customers already have left orders for everything that comes, sight unseen. At the showings in Florence, the Miris knits were paraded by three models, walking abreast, wearing the red, white and green of the Italian flag as a salute to the 100th anniversary of the republic and to the 10th anniversary of the Italian *été mode*. **END**



MARY LOWELL, WINNER OF FINAL MATCH, STANDS WITH TROPHY

Reckless win for a junior miss

Mary Lowell, a sturdy 17-year-old who fired her father as pro, played daring golf last week to take the girls' championship

All last week Seattle's Broadmoor Golf Club echoed with sounds of girlish squeals, popping bubble gum and the sort of protective gallery rooting seldom heard at any other tournament. This was the 13th annual Girls' Junior Golf Championship, and somehow it was entirely fitting to watch its competitors shoot hard, disciplined, pressure golf, then retire from the spotlight to practice flipping their Yo-yos.

Yo-yos were the fad this year. So were the strange, floppy-brimmed Tennessee Ernie rain hats, which caught the fancy of the 69 girls who sought the week's play. All 17 or under, the girls delighted the Broadmoor golf colony, but most of all they delighted George Howard, the veteran club professional.

"It's unbelievable," he said. "These girls are courteous, they play fast and their etiquette would shame many adults. You see them out there, studying, concentrating, trying to beat each other under God knows what tension. Then when it's over they're kids again."

Broadmoor is a snug, 6,200-yard layout of rich grass, intruding trees and variable stream. A bit short for men, it is the kind of course pros feast on (Byron Nelson shot what was once a world's record 259 there). But Broadmoor is ideal for women. It asks a variety of

skills from its shooters, and last week it provided a liberal education to these youngsters from 18 states and Canada.

The two girls in the finals, appropriately enough, were a pair of 17-year-olds who could deliver the balanced, steady game required at Broadmoor. And the final, just as appropriately, wasn't decided until the 18th hole of a beautifully played match when Mary Lowell, a stocky, red-haired bundle of power from Hayward, Calif., sank a three-foot putt to defeat Margaret (Maggie) Morris of St. Clairsville, Ohio 1 up.

Mary Lowell is a product of Alameda Municipal Course, where her father, Gas Lowell, is an assistant pro, but he takes no credit for her development. "I had to fire him," she says, grinning. "He started me out when I was 10 years old, but five years ago I told him to quit caddyding for me. I didn't want to use him for a crutch. I just couldn't have him next to me all the time, telling me what shot to hit and how to hit it."

If her father doesn't always stay completely away, he does at times keep out of sight. During the championship final he hid out in the clubhouse. "I'm too nervous," he told friends, "and she might see me and get upset."

A senior at Hayward's Tennyson High School, Mary is a straight-A student,

with intellectual leanings toward political science. Her golfing ambition, like the game she plays, is simple and uncomplicated: "I just want to be the best amateur I can possibly be. Nothing professional for me."

To reach the final, Miss Lowell dedicated one of the gallery favorites, Judy Torluemke of St. Louis (St. Aug. 21), whose expressive good looks kept a cluster of photographers puffing at her heels all week. Judy's unorthodox grip appalled the experts, who predicted—somewhat inaccurately, as it turned out—that her game would fall apart under pressure. Actually, Miss Torluemke's game remained steady, up to and including her semifinal defeat by Miss Lowell. "She outdrew me all day," said Mary, "but she couldn't sink her putts."

Miss Torluemke lost out to the new champion in a back-and-forth match that saw each hold and lose a 2-up advantage, then come into the final green on even terms. Mary carded an easy par 5, but Judy was short and to the right on a seven-foot putt that would have sent the match into extra holes.

"No one part of my game went to pieces," said Judy. "But I missed a five-foot putt on the 11th that would have given me the hole. Then I missed that seven-footer on the 18th. That was it."

Maggie Martin played superbly in her first big tournament. A rangy brunette with a Hoganlike ability to concentrate, she survived some early putting trouble, then defeated Tulsa's Jeannie Thompson 1 up, to enter the championship round against Mary Lowell.

It was a curious clash of opposites, played through damp-heavy morning air. Mary Lowell thinks aggressively and attacks the ball with a no-nonsense attitude. "I don't like to waste time over shots," she says. "The only shot that slows me is a putt I have to study."

Where Mary Lowell's swing fairly crackled, Maggie Martin's seemed almost languid. Miss Martin is 5 feet 8 inches tall and strides along with an easy, boyish grace, but she doesn't seem to have the strength to hit a ball for distance, and in the final she was consistently outdriven by the eventual new champion. The contrast between the two became particularly evident late in the match. Despite falling 3 down at the 14th, Miss Martin continued to play a cautious, conservative game.

It was clearly a time for defensive golf on the part of Miss Lowell, but she continued to attack, and this nearly cost her the match. Recklessly, she lifted her second shot into a bunker some 40 yards short of the 15th green, costing her a bogey and the hole. Again, on the 16th, she underclubbed and wound up in sand. A front-runner's caution in each case could have saved Mary from the anguish of the 18th, where Miss Martin almost sent the match into extra holes.

Both girls hit identically safe drives on the 500-yard closing hole. A neatly struck pitch that hit the green and rolled to the back apron left Miss Lowell's ball some 18 feet from the flag. On her approach the placid Miss Martin "skulled" the shot badly, but it hit the slope fronting the green and wound up, miraculously, about 5½ feet from the cup.

Mary Lowell's putt from the apron was three feet short. Maggie Martin carefully studied the birdie putt that could send the match into extra holes. She sighted, stroked and audibly muttered, "Oh, darn!" as the ball caught the right side of the cup and jumped out.

Mary Lowell studied her final putt for an unusually long time. Taking a heavy deep breath, she pursed her lips, addressed the ball and dropped it in cleanly. The greens exploded. Rain hats went into the air, bubble gum popped, and it was time, once more, for Yo-yos. They were kids again. **END**



IN "DE BUREAU" FLOPPY HAT RUNNER-UP MAGGIE MARTIN DRIVES FROM TEE

PRE-TOURNAMENT FAVORITE JUDY TORLUGNEKE ANXIOUSLY FOLLOWS EDDYBUTT PUTT



Fastest Hambletonian of all time?

With opinion divided about everything but the caliber of the contestants, the 36th renewal of America's classic trotting race should see a record race for a prize of \$150,000

Next Wednesday afternoon on the hard mile track at Du Quoin, Ill., the fastest and probably most exciting of all Hambletonians will be trotted. For the past two months America's top 3-year-olds have shown so much style in preparing for the Hambletonian that nearly 35,000 people will attend the race—even though it will be contested 75 miles from a city of any size, even though the temperature will be around 100° and even though the race is conducted without pari-mutuel betting.

The recent races leading up to this 36th Hambletonian indicate that it will outshine any previous harness race of this season. Last week at Springfield, Ill., for example, Johnny Simpson sent Caleb through two one-mile heats that made everyone concede him the favorite's position but made no one concede him the race. In the first heat Caleb came off the pace and swung four horses wide in the stretch to win in 1:58½. The timed Elaine Rodney's world race record for 3-year-old trotters. In the second heat Simpson pushed Caleb right to the front and the colt had enough left to spin off a last quarter mile in 28, a fraction good enough to win most Hambletonians.

Before Caleb's performance, Duke Rodney was considered the logical favorite. The Duke had beaten Caleb in the Yorkers Faturity on Aug. 10 for the second time this year. After the Yorkers race the Duke's 29-year-old trainer, Eddie Wheeler, decided to give his colt a rest. "This is the kind of horse," says Wheeler, "that does not have to race to keep fit." By the time the field parades to

the gate Wheeler will have put two stiff works over the Du Quoin track into Duke Rodney, and this should not hurt his chances. One must remember that the Yorkers Faturity was a mile and one-sixteenth, and the Hambletonian is raced at a mile. At Yorkers, Caleb had ample opportunity to beat Duke Rodney but couldn't quite do it. Many feel, though, that Caleb has improved tremendously in the last three weeks.

All along, one of the top selections of the horsemen has been the shifty little Matatar from the Arden Homestead Stable. Matatar has won his last five in a row, and in a single dash race last week he defeated aged trotters in 2:00½, no small accomplishment. Matatar will be driven by Harry Pownall Sr., who has had more Hambletonian drives than any of this year's participants. Pownall be-

lieves that "this is by far the best Hambletonian colt I've had since Titan Hanover." Titan Hanover won the race easily in 1945 when it was held at Goshen.

Simpson, Wheeler and Pownall are not so naive as to believe that they have the winner's share of this Hambletonian among themselves. Del Miller, who is unsurpassed at getting a horse up to peak form for a major stake, has been moving Harlan Dean along slowly. Miller also has Meadow Farr ready for the race, and Meadow Farr, a Kimberly Kid filly, was the very best of last year's young trotters. She has the zip but lately has shown a tendency to break at the wrong time. Claire Sampson, another filly in the race accorded a good chance of winning, is steadier than Meadow Farr.

Ralph Baldwin, who trained Diller Hanover to straight heat victories in the 1959 Hambletonian, has an excellent chance this year with not one but three possible starters. Of the three, Specator is the best, although he developed a quarter crack in his left front hoof recently. "If he starts," says Baldwin, "the rest will not win it cheap. He's every bit as good as Diller at this stage if that foot holds together." Of the other two, Orbiter is the better with Behave not too far behind.

No Hambletonian field would be complete without Joe O'Brien, the quiet little man from Shafter, Calif. O'Brien won last year's Hambletonian with Blane Hanover. This year he has Frontbite, who has yet to beat the best but is consistently in the money. Going into last year's race Blane had not won a single race as a 3-year-old. But he won the one that counted. It's always wait and see with Joe O'Brien, and everyone is truly waiting to see.

END

THE TOP 10 CANDIDATES

HORSE	BEST TIME	HEAT STARTS	1ST	2ND	3RD
CALEB	1:58 1/2	11	4	4	0
MATATAR	2:00 1/5	10	5	3	0
DUKE RODNEY	2:00 1/5*	12	7	0	2
SPECTATOR	2:02 4/5*	7	2	0	2
ORBITER	2:02 1/5*	8	3	0	0
CLAIRE SAMPSON	2:03 1/5	12	7	4	0
HARLAN DEAN	2:04*	6	0	2	1
MEADOW FARR	2:00	10	0	3	2
GYPSY KID	2:00 2/5*	15	5	5	4
SPEEDY PRINCESS	2:05 1/5*	13	2	2	0

*Half-mile track

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CHARLES GOREN / Cards

On the double

Once, when his partner asked him how he would have played a deal that had just been mutilated, Charles Lochridge answered, "Under an assumed name." It is no doubt fortunate that most published bridge hands are played under assumed names. North, East, South and West are the aliases the bridge writer uses to soften the impact of his criticisms or to veil in modesty his own exploits.

From time to time this department has hailed the good bid or play of someone who has just written a bridge book. Now, as the author of the new book *Winning Paraverstap Bridge* (Random House, \$2.95), I trust I may be forgiven for according the same privilege to myself. In return, I propose to reveal not only a bid which you may occasionally employ to your own profit but also the name of the anonymous West player who made the bid.

North-South vulnerable
East dealer



Opening lead: 2 of hearts

Some players make it a rule never to overcall in a minor suit, as South did, without sufficient trump strength and length to protect them against anything but the most horrendous breaks. But, unless all of your opponents follow this philosophy, you will wind up with a profit if you give your first consideration to a penalty double rather than an overtaking bid any time a vulnerable opponent overcalls your partner's opening bid.

Without a brief glance into the future, West might have been tempted to show his five-card spade suit because he lacked one of the most desirable features for a penalty double: at least one trick in the opponent's suit.

But in the present sequence a bid of two spades would be a drastic move, particularly in view of West's singleton in partner's hearts. If East has no support for spades, he may have to return to hearts at the three level—and where will West go from there?

West can reasonably count on taking three tricks with high cards, and he should be able to obtain a heart ruff. The opening bidder should be relied upon for about three tricks, so that a two-trick set is in view. The 500-point return is in excess of any game bonus a nonvulnerable side can score, and finally, as a safety valve for the double, there is the principle that partner should not leave in such a double if his hand is unsuited to defense.

The punishment of the two-club overcall was out of all proportion to South's offense. The dealer of hearts was opened, won by the ace, and the singleton spade returned to establish the crossruff. The defense took in all three spade tricks, three hearts and two diamonds, for an 800-point string. And, to make it all the more bitter for North and South, the maximum East-West contract was two hearts.

In introducing this hand in my book, I wrote: "The double of a low contract without the sign of a trump trick is rarely contemplated by any but the shrewdest operators." After such a prelude, I could hardly reveal that West was, in fact, the author.

EXTRA TRICK

You can double two clubs or two diamonds more or less on suspicion. Even if the opponents fulfill their contract they will not make game. However, you must be able to foresee at least a two-trick set—thus allowing a one-trick margin for error—when making a penalty double of two spades, two hearts or more.

END



A father is a child's best insurance

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half to a third that of life-long insurance. ¶ Later on, when you can better afford the savings and borrowing advantages of life-long insurance, you can change to an Occidental plan that provides these benefits. And no medical exam is required to make the change. ¶ Occidental Change-Easy Term Insurance can be a father's best insurance. Call your Occidental representative or write Horace Brower at Occidental Life Insurance Company of California, 1151 South Broadway, Los Angeles 15, California. **Occidental Life**

On a lovely winter day in 1958 on the island of Barbados, a small Pakistani named Hanif Mohammad came to bat in a cricket test match between Pakistan and the West Indies. Like Luke Appling fouling off bad pitches, he protected his wicket with monotonous diligence, blocking those balls he didn't want to hit, choosing to run only on a sure thing. Mohammad remained at bat for 16 hours and 39 minutes and scored 337 runs. By the time he was retired, the better part of four days had elapsed. So had most of the spectators.

On a gloomy summer day in 1930, at the famous cricket ground in Leeds in England, an Australian named Donald Bradman came to bat in a test match between Australia and England. He attacked everything opposing bowlers put within reach. He slashed drives through the defense, he angled placements behind him to the boundary 225 feet away, he sent cricket balls soaring into the crowd. He scored 300 runs before lunch, another 100 before tea and another 100 before the stumps were pulled that evening, a triple century in one day. The next morning, still swinging away, Bradman went out quickly at 334.

Between the two performances—and each was magnificent in its way—Mohammad and Bradman demonstrated what is worst and best about the game of cricket: the tedious hours of tactical patience, the spectacular and sustained skill. It is unfortunate that the doze one has kept Americans from appreciating the exciting other.

For cricket is a superb game, its past stretches back into England's history for more than 500 years, and it has been played in virtually its present form since 1746. Nothing so absurd as the game some Americans describe as cricket could

this IS cricket!

No game is more thoroughly misunderstood by Americans than cricket. Now a Sports Illustrated baseball writer visits England and discovers the skill and violence residing in this ancient game

by ROY TERRELL

possibly have survived as long as cricket has or retained its charm for so many thousands of people across the face of the globe. It is not baseball—and no one should expect it to be baseball—but cricket, too, is basically a duel between a man with a bat and another man with a ball, and it is replete with many of the same athletic skills. The trouble with cricket is that it is a sport peculiar to the British and, like practically all British peculiarities, it often is incomprehensible to others.

Cricket is a remnant of another day, another age, when men had more time to play. It was born in the lovely, rolling English countryside, among the great oak trees and the meadows filled with browsing sheep; it grew to maturity on the village greens, where the squire would gather his people on a weekend, after the work was done, and join them in this ritual that became a game. Cricket grows no longer—it is, in fact, hustling superhighways and television sets and yacht clubs for survival—and a great many

Englishmen do not really like cricket today. They prefer soccer. The demand for "brighter cricket" fills the English newspapers, the music halls of London and the Houses of Parliament. But the cricket fan manages to ignore most of the complaints. England, to him, is divided quite simply into two parts: those who love cricket and those who do not count. Let the latter shout.

Unlike soccer, which appeals almost entirely to what the English used to call the lower classes, cricket cuts across class lines. It is played by Welsh coal miners and English factory workers as well as graduates of Cambridge and Oxford; it is played on school grounds and on the village green and at Lord's, where the Marylebone Cricket Club reigns as it has for 173 years, in dignity and splendor, while maintaining an uncaring vigil.

SPIN BOWLER Richie Benaud of Australia sends red cricket ball at wicket defended in test match by English batsman Peter May.



hance over everything that takes place.

In England today cricket is still everywhere. The immaculate white trousers and white shoes and white shirts and white cable-stitched, knee-length sweaters appear on a summer day by the hundreds of thousands upon every cricket ground in the land. Cricket clubs dot London and Manchester and Birmingham and the other bustling cities. There are the great intercounty matches—the big leagues of cricket—at Lord's and Leeds and Old Trafford and the Oval, all the hallowed sites. And this summer the touring test side from Australia is on hand as well, contesting England for the Ashes. The Commonwealth can crumble and the Common Market jolly well go hang when the Aussies are in town.

To appreciate cricket, an American must first understand it—which should not be so impossible when one considers that 30 million English, 85 million Pakistanis, 15 million South Africans, 10 million Australians, 3 million West Indians, 2 million New Zealanders and 400 million Indians seem to know what the game is all about. The first thing an American should do is accept the fact that a great deal of what his countrymen have written about cricket is true. In this way he can subdue his myth early and concentrate on technique.

So there really is something called a googly and a position known as silly mid-off and another called forward short leg. The game does appear sometimes to be played in slow motion, and medical research has indeed established that a cricket fielder expends more energy driving to his match than he does once he gets there. Players and fans alike suspend all activity abruptly at 4:15 p.m. to take tea; when a spectator misses tea, it is usually because he is taking a nap instead. No one argues with the umpires although occasionally a fan will get so excited that he claps. And because the game is inevitably bound up with strategy, it can go on for hours and days and, as in the case of a test series, for weeks without arriving at any definite conclusion. This is all part of cricket. Those who wish to see back-to-back home runs

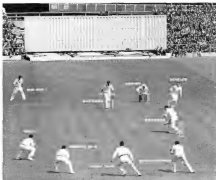
by Mante and Maris, or Willie Mays sliding across home plate on the seat of his pants, should go elsewhere.

But if they do, they will miss some remarkable performances. For example, a good fast cricket bowler can deliver the ball, which is slightly smaller and harder than a baseball, and is painted red—probably so the blood won't show—at 90 miles an hour, as fast as Don Drysdale, and he can make it do strange and wondrous things by bouncing it off the ground. The deliveries of a spin bowler, both for accuracy and the gyrations produced, would earn the envy of Sal Maglie. The batsman, in order to stay alive, let alone score 100 runs in one time at bat, must possess the courage of a water buffalo, something of a water buffalo's hide and the reactions of a cat. Even the fielders, despite their sedentary appearance, sometimes make catches, barehanded, that would amaze Maury Wills. And, the oft maligned strategy can be fascinating, too, as soon as one learns where to look.

Cricket is played on a circular or oval field, roughly 150 yards in diameter (although a village cricket ground may be of any size, like a baseball diamond in a vacant lot), between two teams, each

consisting of 11 men. An innings—it is always plural in cricket, apparently to confuse things—consists of 10 outs; there are two innings for each side, and then the match is over and the team that has scored the most runs wins. This seems simple enough. But cricket is played to a time limit, usually 6 p.m. of the third day for a county match and 6 p.m. of the fifth day for a test match, and the game may not be complete when the deadline is reached. In this case, regardless of which team has the most runs, the match is a draw. This arbitrary time limit is perhaps the most absurd rule in cricket, but it governs the game so inflexibly that it can become the primary consideration.

Suppose, for example, that Lancashire is playing Yorkshire at Old Trafford. Lancashire wins the toss and bats first. Lancashire scores 125 runs and is retired on the afternoon of the first day. Yorkshire scores 200 runs and is retired just before tea on the second day. Lancashire comes in for its second innings and gets hot; it scores at a frightful pace, reaches a total of 250 runs that evening and 325 by lunch of the third day, still not out. Suddenly the Lancashire captain screeches to a halt. "My goodness," he says. "We might score 1,000 runs, but



AUSTRALIAN FIELDERS (all but two are shown) are deployed for left-handed batsmen facing fast-ball bowler (wicketkeeper, for example, would be close to wicket for a spin

that won't do us any good. Yorkshire will not get its second innings before the time limit is reached, and the match will be a draw." So the Lancashire captain declares his side out.

If he has acted wisely, Lancashire will have time before 6 p.m. to retire 10 Yorkshiremen somewhere short of the necessary 126 runs, and Lancashire will win. If he has declared too soon, Yorkshire may outscore Lancashire in the time left, in which case our noses will wilt all over England. Margaret of Anjou will flip in her grave and the Lancashire captain may be run out of Manchester on a rail. If he has waited too long to declare, Yorkshire may not be able to catch up, but simply by letting until 6 p.m. without making 10 runs Yorkshire can earn a draw. To declare or not to declare, that is always the question in cricket.

There is also the matter of weather, of which there is a great deal in England. No cricket match is ever postponed, or moved back a day or two, because of rain. Rain may halt play temporarily or even wash it out altogether, but it never changes the schedule. The match is over at 6 p.m. of the third day even if the players have spent all the time in the pavilion watching Deborah Kerr on TV.

Rain also delights the bowler because it softens the bowling area, which is known as either the pitch or the wicket (sticky wicket, you know), and the ball will behave even more erratically than usual off such a surface. Upon winning the toss, a team normally chooses to bat first, before the pitch is soaked and worn from all the activity; faced with a sticky wicket, however, it may elect to send the other team in for first innings and hope for clearing skies and a fast pitch by Saturday. This can get extremely involved; the best thing to remember is simply that in cricket, more than in almost any other sport, the weather is a great and constant consideration.

Most of the action in cricket takes place in the center of the field where the two wickets, each consisting of three stumps stuck into the ground, stand 22 yards apart, which is about six feet more than the distance between a pitcher's mound and home plate. From one wicket the bowler delivers the ball, taking a run first and then sending it toward the opposite wicket with that sweeping, overhead, stiff-armed motion that is so unnatural to Americans—and English, too—but which is a necessity in this case. If a cricket bowler were allowed to run and then cock his arm and throw at a baseball pitcher does, he would knock holes in every batsman stupid enough to stand up there. He can do enough damage as it is. That is why cricket batsmen wear gloves and pads.

At the other wicket stands the batsman, equipped with an object resembling a sawed-off canoe paddle, and it is his duty to protect his wicket from the ball and also to hit the ball far enough to score runs. If the ball is bowled accurately and gets past him, it will dislodge the stumps, or at least the small pieces of wood called bails that rest atop them, and the batsman is bowled out.

He may also be caught out, as in baseball, if he hits the ball into the air—which cricket batsmen try hard not to do—and he may be run out. This means that he hits the ball and chooses to run for the other wicket, only to find that someone has fielded the ball and thrown it there before he arrives. The fielder may either hit the wicket with his own throw

or he may throw the ball to a teammate at the wicket, who reaches over and knocks off the bails.

Among several other ways in which a cricket batsman may be retired, two are particularly worth mentioning. He may be caught out of his crease, the white-wash line just in front of the wicket; while he is thus out of position the wicketkeeper (the catcher, so to speak) can grab the ball and knock off the bails. This is called being stumped. The most delightful way, however, is Leg Before Wicket. It is always abbreviated l.b.w. on scorecards and happens often enough to keep things from getting too dull. If the bowler delivers a ball which, in the judgment of the umpire, would have hit the wicket, and the batsman stops it or deflects it, not with his bat but with his leg or body, he is out, Leg Before Wicket. This is the one occasion when, if there is a questionable play, cricket players scream at the umpire. "Howzat?" the bowler and his fielders roar, leaping into the air. If the umpire, who wears a long white coat and looks like the neighborhood butcher, rules in their favor, they clap and smile. If he refuses their appeal, they say nothing more.

We have been speaking of one batsman when, all along, there are actually two on the field at the same time. While one bats, the other stands idly at the opposite wicket. If the batsman hits a ball and decides to run, the other batsman runs, too. They cross, and the batsman has scored a run if each reaches the opposite crease safely. If the two batsmen can cross twice, safely, the batsman scores two runs. Three crossings, three runs. If the ball goes all the way to the boundary on the ground, it is good for an automatic four runs and the batsman does not have to run. This is called a boundary, and it is considered the finest of all cricket hits. If a batsman hits a ball all the way over the boundary in the air, he gets six runs and it is known as a six, though it looks like a home run. However, since it is so easy to pop the ball into the air and be caught out when trying for a six, there are relatively few of them hit in cricket, about as often as home runs were hit in baseball before Babe Ruth.

Strangely enough, cricket fans do not get very excited about a six, or any far-



bowler). Batsman protects wicket, deflects ball to gully but will not try to run.

hit ball. In Wisden's *Cricketers' Almanack*, which runs for more than 1,000 pages, only seven lines are devoted to long hits. One item describes a record hit, delivered by the Rev. W. Fellows while at practice on the Christ Church ground at Oxford in 1856. The ball traveled 525 feet, a tape-measure job. The other occasion Wisden considers worth mentioning concerns the famous bowler A. E. Trott, who one day in 1899 drove a ball atop the pavilion roof at Lord's, where it knocked off a chimney pot and awakened several members. They were probably putting a little rabbit in the ball that year.

In the beginning that is about all one needs to know about cricket, except for the over. There are two batsmen; there are also two bowlers. While one bowler bowls, the other fields, which means he runs, more or less. One bowler delivers six balls from his end, then the ball goes to the other bowler at the other end for six throws. Each series of six is called an over, and if used in baseball it would allow Whitey Ford and Luis Arroyo to go through a game with each of them pitching part of each innings—sorry, inning. Perhaps it is just as well for the Tigers that things remain as they are.

The best cricket is played by the international all-star teams—the test sides—and by the county teams from whose ranks the test players are named. But a test match is not necessarily the best place to go to learn cricket. The best place is the country, where cricket began.

The choice is unlimited, but maybe you have decided to drive out from Manchester on a Saturday afternoon, down the wrong side of the road, barely two Morris Minors wide, past the fences with their climbing roses, to the little town of Styal. You pass a few shops and a petrol station and an old man walking his dog who directs you with his pipe to the cricket ground. As a matter of fact, he is on the way there himself.

The cricket ground is surrounded by

everyday, familiar things: a road and a fence, a hedge, a meadow dotted with trees, and a church and a tavern side by side. It is amazing how many taverns adjoin cricket grounds in England. An ancient iron gate droops invitingly open and you walk through, pleasantly aware that no ticket taker is standing there holding out his hand. Suddenly you are in another world.

It is peaceful and quiet and very, very



VILLAGE CRICKET: BATSMAN AND WICKETKEEPER

lovely. A bird chirps in a tree. A dog sniffs. A child tumbles onto the field and is retrieved by his parents. A cyclist stops by to watch for a moment. The sun dances off the green grass, and the white-clad figures move as if in a dream. The match is already under way, but since nothing spectacular has happened—and perhaps never will—this is not important. Spectators come and go; only the unemployed ever watch a cricket match in England from beginning to end.

At one corner of the field there is a neat little clubhouse, where the players sit awaiting their turn at bat, and nearby is a scoreboard that tells how many runs have been made and how many wickets taken. The scoreboard does not tell which team is at bat, however, so you ask

the nearest Styal felder who the opposition is that day.

He leaves his position, as if it didn't matter anyway, and comes politely over. "I'm not really sure," he says. "Whitchurch, I believe. I'll find out if you like." You shake your head. If he doesn't care, why should you? You are beginning to learn something about cricket.

As the afternoon progresses, you learn more. Village cricket may consist of only one innings apiece; or perhaps there will be 20 overs bowled by each side, and the team that scores the most runs wins. As a result there is little or no strategic stalling and shuffling and waiting around. The village batsman is up there to get his licks and have fun and if he makes out in one minute or five, who cares? Because of this, the bowlers are always ahead of the batsmen in the country, and the game progresses quickly. For cricket.

Your informant is only 18 or 19, like half the players on the team—the other half seem to be 45 (perhaps the 30-year-olds are all away playing against Yorkshire)—and you watch him for a while. He makes one fine running stop; he drops a pop fly; eventually the captain calls him in to bowl and he takes two quick wickets to retire the side. "Well bowled," you murmur.

Time out for tea. Styal comes in for its innings. Your man bats third in the order. He blocks the first ball. He swings at the second and dribbles it off to the left, too close to run. The next he deflects sharply, past gully to third man (you look in your book to see what the fielders' positions are called) and lights out for the other wicket. Huesores, and you murmur, "Well run." The other batsman is facing the bowler now, to complete the six balls of the over, and you talk to your neighbor, who is also sitting on the ground and chewing a blade of grass. Yes, crags were good this year. That church? Oh, back around 1284. In a few minutes your man is up again. He swings mightily and hits the first ball to the boundary for a four. A bit overconfident now, he attempts to deflect a wicked spinner to his leg side, misses

continued

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and his wicket goes down. He grins and retires, through for the day.

"Well bowled," you whisper, hoping that no one minds if you give one little cheer for Whitechurch—or whoever the other side is that day. No one minds.

The game they play at Lord's is cricket, too, but the resemblance ends with that. Lord's, which was named after a man who owned the property and has nothing to do with nobility, is in London, 20 minutes by taxicab from Piccadilly Circus or Trafalgar Square. Home of the Marylebone (pronounced Merbn) Cricket Club, Lord's is the cradle of the game. They charge you four shillings, or \$64, to get in there.

The famous pavilion, accessible only to members—and never to women—occupies one end. Grandstands and bleachers encircle the other sides. The crowds can be huge at Lord's, for a county or a test match, and there was a time when they were just as mannerly as in the country. But in 1889, incensed at the extreme caution with which an Australian captain named Darling was batting, a section of the crowd forgot itself and began to whistle *The Dead March from Saul*. "This unseemly demonstration," reported a London newspaper, "was happily without precedent at Lord's." No more. For one thing, Lord's has its Hills Chester, too, right out of Ebbets Field. Her name is Yorkshire Annie, she weighs approximately 20 stone, and she has a most stentorian voice. For another, Lord's has a pub located right on the grounds, between two sections of the grandstand, and in mid-afternoon, along about teatime, the harracking can get very loud over there.

The cricket played at Lord's is vastly superior in skill to that at Styal, though it loses something in the way of atmosphere. The batsmen and the bowlers, you begin to realize, are artists.

Each of the duels has advantages that soon become apparent to the baseball-trained eye. The bowler can deliver the ball at a number of different speeds. He can throw it very hard, so that it skips quickly past any batsman who lacks a sharp eye and quick wrists. Because the

cricket ball has a high, raised seam running around its middle, he can also make it bounce off that seam and kick abruptly to either side.

He can make it curve through the air by wrist action, as does a baseball pitcher—in cricket this is called *swave* bowling—and he can make it jump in either direction off the ground by *reversing* more of the same kind of spin.

Then there are *Yorkers*, which hit the ground virtually at a batsman's feet, and *bumpers*, which are the cricket version of a bean ball. It was never considered necessary to legalize against bumpers—not cricket, you know—until in 1932 the English test side on tour in Australia decided that the only way to get rid of Don Bradman was to resort to what they chose to call "the body-line attack." So they threw bumpers at Bradman until, even that heroic figure began to stand loose up there. The Australians threatened to break off relations, the English were insulted that anyone should accuse them of unsportsmanlike conduct—and pointed out to the Aussies that cricket would die down under without the Athen—but eventually it was all patched up. The bumper is illegal now—which doesn't mean that it isn't used.

The batsman has his defenses, too. For one thing, anything he hits in a 360° circle is in play, as if every foul tip and whistling foul line drive off Yogi Berra's bat had to be captured by the other team. Because of the great area that the nine cricket fielders—exclusive of the bowler and wicketkeeper—must defend, there are a lot of holes in which an adroit and skillful batsman may dump safe hits.

Since he does not have to run unless he wants to, he can wait for the pitch, or rather the ball, he wants. The rest he simply blocks or bunts onto the ground if they threaten his wicket. There is too much of this in first-class play and it is the primary cause of the long-drawn-out match. India and Pakistan, those bitter rivals, have played 12 successive draws in test matches. For political reasons, neither side can bear the thought of defeat. The batsmen simply block and punch their shots and never move until a run is a sure thing.

But an outstanding batsman is nonetheless a marvel of style and grace, a mixture of power and poise. There have been hundreds of famous cricket bowlers, and they are well known, just like the best American baseball pitchers, but, as



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CRICKET *continued*

in baseball, it is not the man who throws the ball but the big hitter who becomes the national hero. Where would baseball be without its Babe Ruths and Ty Cobbs lighting up the years of the past? Cricket has its Ruths and Cobbs, too.

The name most familiar to Americans, aside from Bradman, of course, is Len Hutton, the Yorkshireman who became the first professional cricketer ever to captain an English test side, and who did more to break up the absurd practice of separate dressing rooms for gentlemen (amateurs) and players (professionals) than anyone else. Occasionally a cricket scorecard in some hidebound bastion of the game, such as Lord's, will still show the initials of the amateurs ahead of their names and the initials of the pros after, but no longer do the two have to enter the field from separate doors.

Hutton has the record for most runs in one innings of a test match, 364, against Australia at the Oval in 1938. In his career, which lasted from 1934 until 1960, he scored 125 centuries in first-class cricket, averaging 55 runs each time he came to bat. One season he averaged 68 runs. Len Hutton was a stylist, a beautifully controlled batsman with all the strokes.

There are many others, of course: Jack Hobbs, whose 197 centuries and 61,237 runs have never been surpassed, and Denis Compton, a daring, unorthodox player who once scored 340 runs in 181 minutes, an incredible pace; Compton had 122 centuries during his career and averaged 51 runs in test play. There are not so many great players active today—there never are—but the English stylist Peter May, and his partner, Colin Cowdrey, belong in this circle, as does the Australian Neil Harvey, who is also his country's best baseball player. The Australians have been hoping that young Norman O'Neill, who decided not to sign a baseball contract with the New York Yankees three springs ago, will become a new Bradman, but now they are beginning to wonder.

No one should really expect another Bradman, the most amazing run-scoring machine the game has known. Playing

once for New South Wales against Queensland in 1929, Bradman scored 452 runs, not out (a batsman is "not out" if his side ends its innings for one reason or another before he himself has been put out). He scored over 300 runs six times. Of his 117 centuries, 29 came in test matches, far more than anyone else has been able to produce, and his almost unbelievable average for test play is 99.94 runs an innings, almost 40 runs better than the next best figure.

They have called Bradman the Babe Ruth of cricket. He was more like Ty Cobb. The Babe Ruth of cricket was William Gilbert Grace, W.G.—and no one would think of calling him anything else, even today—was a giant of a man with a huge black beard. He was born near Bristol in 1848 and learned to play cricket in a peach orchard. By the time he was 18 he was an English hero; for 43 years thereafter he was Mr. Cricket, and he remains so today. By the time he quit, his beard was white and he looked more like Santa Claus, with a huge belly and a booming laugh, but the very name of Grace was enough to strike terror into opponents' hearts.

Like Ruth, he injected personality into the game. He was charming and loud and crowds came to see him play. Like Ruth, he was magnificent with either ball or bat. Most of his batting records have been eclipsed now but he was supreme in his time and no one has ever surpassed his feat of scoring at least 1,000 runs in 28 different seasons. He had 126 centuries when such batting was unheard of. His 318, not out, in 1876 against Yorkshire is still a record for Gloucestershire, and in 1896, at the age of 48, he was able to score 301 runs against Sussex. He once scored 344 runs for the Marylebone Cricket Club against Kent, and at the M.C.C. they will always consider W.G. near God.

As a bowler Grace took 2,876 wickets, the seventh highest of all time, and among fielders he still ranks second, with 871 catches.

Strangely enough, Grace was a member of the first English team to lose a test match to Australia on English soil. This was in 1882, and it was a disastrous defeat. One spectator dropped dead, another chewed the handle off his umbrella, and the *Spring Times* reflected

the feelings of all Englishmen by printing an obituary:

In affectionate remembrance
of

ENGLISH CRICKET

which died at the Oval on

29th August 1882.

deeply lamented by a large circle

of sorrowing friends and

acquaintances.

R.L.P.

N.B.—The body will be cremated and the ashes taken to Australia.

There never were any ashes, really, although some Melbourne ladies later burned a ball, collected the ashes in a small urn and presented them to the next visiting English captain. The urn never travels back and forth between the two countries, however; it rests in the museum at Lord's.

England and Australia play for the Ashes on an irregular schedule that

would be every fourth year in each country if it weren't complicated by the Australian summer that occurs in the middle of winter. So each nation ends up host once every three or five years. In between, they play test matches with India, Pakistan, South Africa, New Zealand and the West Indies, and although the last named, in particular, is playing tremendous cricket these days, somehow it never seems so important. In the West Indies spectators sometimes fell out of trees—which is not at all like Lord's.

The 1961 test matches began in England in early June with Australia favored. The Aussies had no fast bowlers to compare with the famed Brian Statham or fiery Freddie Trueman, the uninhibited Yorkshireman who can throw a cricket ball through a battleship, and only Neil Harvey among the Australian batsmen seemed to be in the class of Peter

May and Cowdrey. But the Australians were a better team; they had good strength right down the order, while England was lacking, once past its top men.

England went out on the first day at Edgbaston, in Birmingham, after only 155 runs. Before Australia was retired, Harvey had scored 114, his 20th test century. O'Neill had scored 82 and the side totaled 316 for nine wickets, declared. It was the highest test score since 1934, and a London headline said: NOW ENGLAND NEEDS A DUNKIRK. So the English came up with another Dunkirk, aided by a day's rain, and earned a draw. Raman Subba Row scored 112 and Ted Dexter 140, and England had 401 runs in its second innings for a total of 596—and Australia never had a chance to bat.

The second test was at Lord's, and a terrible thing happened: a ridge developed in the pitch, right in front of one wicket, and surveyors later discovered that the cricket ground sloped two inches

—Continued

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CRICKET *comment*

from north to south. "By god, sir," said the *Daily Express*. "Lord's is full of bumps." No one could buy a hit O'Neill went out for one run and then a duck—no runs—in his two innings) except for one of the least considered Aussies, Bill Lawry, who stayed in for 130 and gave the visitors all the edge required.

In the third test, in Leeds, it appeared that England would lose again. May was hurt and Cowdrey aching. But then Freddie Trueman took five Australian wickets for just 16 runs. He had his stuff that day. Now the series is tied.

But Australia, which had won the Ashes in the last test, down under in the winter of 1958-59, hung on grimly. The first day of the fourth test, at Old Trafford, was all but rained out (there have been a total of 100 test hours rained out in Manchester since World War II) and the English always seem to operate better on a sticky wicket—which is hardly surprising since it is their climate. Peter May showed his skill by scoring 95 runs, and England, after her first innings, was in a very strong position. But things can change quickly—perhaps surprisingly in a better word—in cricket. Alan Davidson, the handsome Australian all-rounder who has been better known for his left-handed seam bowling than his bat, went on a rampage. He slugged England's David Allen for two sixes and two fours in just one over and scored 77 runs, not out. It was the spark Australia needed: the run total climbed to 432 and the English found themselves faced with the virtually impossible task of scoring 256 runs after lunch on the fifth day to win. They couldn't make it.

The victory insured Australia of at least a tie in the test matches, no matter what England did in the fifth and final match, which was played this week at the Oval in Kensington. It meant that Australia would continue in possession of the Ashes, in spite of not in fact, for another two years, since the Ashes remain with the country that had them whenever there is a draw.

Windsor Castle will stand, of course, and there will always be an England and all that. But England is not the same without the Ashes. Even if she does keep them locked up at Lord's.

AND

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by MAURY ALLEN

With six weeks to go, three names were monopolizing attention in National and American League cities alike: Roger Eugene Maris, Mickey Charles Mantle and George Herman Ruth. Partially overlooked amidst the fan and hero, unfortunately, was a great number of other exciting baseball moments that in more ordinary times would have received their due.

In the National League the upstart Cincinnati Reds, who haven't won since 1946, even over the Los Angeles Dodgers in their own Coorsfield, with quite unexpected assistance by the thumping bats of Frank Robinson (.339) and Vada Pinson (.333), the Reds in a week came from six games back in the lost column to a three-game first-place edge. Four games behind the contenders in Cincinnati this weekend could nearly end the issue. Warren Spahn of the Braves won his 30th to become the winelipped pitcher alive (Larry Grove at exactly 300 is the only other pitcher in that select group still living). Spahn's next goal: seven more wins for his 12th 20-game season. Roberto Clement of the Pirates, who manages to crush a baseball while looking at though he is trying to get out of its way, took an impressive 30-pitch lead for the batting tale. Joey Jay (.18-7) and Joe Brannan (.2-7), pitchers nobody named a couple of years ago, led the league in wins and ERA. Costraining with these successes was the pitiful plight of the Philadelphia Phillies, who lost 23 straight, setting a record for the modern era of baseball.

In the American League, though overshadowed by his slugging teammates, Yankee Catcher Elton Howard (lifetime .273 BA) waged a quiver duel with Tiger First Baseman Norm Cash (lifetime .275 BA) for the AL batting lead in the lefty .350 era. Whitey Ford had 29 wins, Frank Lary had 18 and Luis Arreaga ignored a creek's note ("You'll be shot in the head") to save two more games and continue as ERA lord-in. Detroit refused to quit, and Baltimore's imposing pitching was a reminder of another baseballwise fact: there were still 40 games to go, and the Yankees could be caught, home-run hitters and all.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Cincinnati hobbled Los Angeles in the great slugfest series on the Coast. Bob Purkey and Jim O'Toole shut out the Dodgers in a double-header to complicate the three-game Los Angeles disaster. Frank Robinson, bristling from LA Coach Leo Durocher's taunts ("You're gutless") was on base nine times in three games, helped power the Reds back to the top. Nor could the Dodgers find solace in San Francisco. In six games Los Angeles scored three runs. Giant Manager Alvin Dark lashed Willie McCovey from the bench and put Orlando Cepeda in left field against LA. McCovey, the favorite target of Candlestick Park's loudest howlers, responded with his first homer in two months, and Cepeda knocked in four runs to offset the loss of Willie Mays with an injured thumb. Milwaukee was run in a row with steady pitching by Spahn, Lou Rorvledge and Bob Holt and the hitting of Bill Mathews and Hank Aaron. Lack of punch cost the St. Louis Cardinals five defeats. Bill White didn't have an RBI in 10 games, and the combined batting average of Joe Cunningham, Carl Sawatsky and Charley James was a minuscule .104. Pittsburgh gained its attention from the west back to west places. Local sportsman stories about Ralph Kaut's 1969 challenge to Ruth and the resurgence of Dick Groat, 1960 MVP, Trueman by Dick Johnson and three homers by Ron Santo, both 21, gave the Cubs hope for something better than second-place in the future. The Phillies? "All we want is one. Is that too much to ask?" said Manager Maury Wills forlornly. They got it, finally, against the Braves.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Neither Maris nor Mantle hit a homer in the first two games against Cleveland, yet



CASEY Ken Johnson of Red, Ron Kline of Tigers were forerunners, Kenos (K-C) beat Cards, Ron (J-W-A) blasted Boston Red Sox.

they saved Whitey Ford's 21st win with spectacular plays. Maris took a homer away from Willie Kirkland with a leaping catch, and Mantle caught Vic Power's long line to keep New York three games ahead of the clogged Tigers. Long-expected help from Rene Bertoli, Bubba Morton and George Almon's first big-league hit salvaged a winning week for Detroit. "We aren't out of it yet," said Manager Bob Schefield. For Baltimore, Billy Hoel threw a one-hitter, Milt Pappas a two-hitter, Chuck Estrada a four-hitter and Jack Fisher and Steve Barber five-hitters as the Orioles kept their slim hopes alive. Manager Al Lopez soared on three of his Chicago White Sox regulars as the Sox split six games. He benched Luis Aparicio, Mame Minoso and Ray Seaver. "They were dead out there," said Lopez. "I thought I'd shake them up." Nothing could shake up the Boston Red Sox, who lumbered through a 1-3 road trip and were in danger of falling to seventh. Minnesota's Harmon Killebrew hit four home runs as the Twins won four of six. Los Angeles stayed ahead of Washington 6-7 in the expansion-start series by splitting five games with the Senators. Six errors in two games by the Angels gave Washington two gift wins and kept LA, the Twins and the Senators bunched in a tight race for seventh. Kansas City was all alone in 10th, 13th games behind New York.

TEAM LEADERS

NATIONAL LEAGUE					
	BA	HR	W	Win	
1st	Robinson	328	Reds	34	1st
2nd	Maris	271	Dodgers	18	2nd
3rd	Cepeda	211	Cardinals	20	3rd
4th	Spahn	194	Pirates	21	4th
5th	Byers	219	Braves	18	5th
6th	Pinson	184	Braves	20	6th
7th	Adams	174	Braves	12	7th
8th	Groves	174	Braves	12	8th

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1st	Howard	273	Yankees	18	1st
2nd	Cash	271	Yankees	32	2nd
3rd	Seaver	238	Braves	26	3rd
4th	Purkey	238	Yankees	17	4th
5th	Maris	206	Yankees	12	5th
6th	Johnson	239	Senators	11	6th
7th	Pinson	190	Reds	20	7th
8th	Killebrew	208	Killebrew	17	8th
9th	Seaver	202	Yankees	16	9th
10th	Seaver	198	Yankees	14	10th

CLUB PITCHING

NATIONAL LEAGUE	W	L	HR	BB	SO	ERA	Win
1st	121	111	824	351	638	2.9	1st
2nd	116	112	1362	111	582	3.4	2nd
3rd	118	107	1009	443	602	3.4	3rd
4th	115	114	1025	414	619	3.4	4th
5th	113	117	1076	382	654	3.1	5th
6th	114	112	1060	391	549	3.4	6th
7th	108	111	1000	392	582	3.1	7th
8th	117	112	1000	363	565	3.4	8th

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1st	126	104	1172	331	664	2.9	1st
2nd	122	104	1139	337	622	3.0	2nd
3rd	122	104	1082	404	632	3.0	3rd
4th	121	111	1088	405	594	3.0	4th
5th	121	110	1078	344	719	2.9	5th
6th	117	119	1034	386	622	3.1	6th
7th	119	106	1051	429	606	3.0	7th
8th	116	107	1111	355	632	3.1	8th
9th	111	106	1077	441	650	3.4	9th
10th	111	103	1048	431	606	3.1	10th

Baseball writers' through Saturday, August 9/70

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WORLD BUILT: Mark ARNOLD, 72, Newburyport police who arrested the spraying world in 1997 in spraying Bobby Jones in the National Open, of a back, which, in May, MacArthur had Jones at 29 after 12 holes of the tournament at the Woodmont (Md.) CC. In an 18-hole playoff he again had Jones with a 31; in their second playoff he beat Jones by one stroke, 72 vs 71.

[illegible]

LIFE

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**Torn families...
Escapes to freedom...
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the barbed wire**



**WEST BERLINERS
STAND
THEIR GROUND**

AUGUST 26 • 1961 • 205

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Adm. Arleigh Burke says: "From my observation, I would say LIFE is providing an example of 'coverage in depth' which will be of benefit to its readers as well as to students of international affairs."

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

RINGER ON THE GOLF

Sir:

We in CoSIDA (College Sports Information Directors of America) will be the first to admit that our resolution asking the communications media not to mention specific point spreads on college games is not the solution to the gambling scandals (Sports Illustrated, Aug. 34).

But like the boy who put his finger into the hole in the dike, we feel that we have made a start in our campaign to make it more difficult for the gamblers.

FRANK W. SOUTER
President, CoSIDA

Tucson, Ariz.

Sir:

Point spreads are not for fans. They are for gamblers, whether they be occasional, habitual, dismissed, small-time, big-time or just plain crooked. College athletics would be better off without such influences. I cast my ballot with the college press agents—excuse me, information directors.

ROBERTO P. McQUEEN

Baltimore

Sir:

It is ridiculous to censor any kind of sports news, be it the opinion of some expert on a football game or the prevailing odds. You magazine has always approached the gambling situation realistically.

TOM MAGUIRE

New Orleans

BROWMAN AND THE BUNS

Sir:

"Nobody Likes the Dodgers" (Aug. 14) is that why they have the largest season attendance?

GREGORY DE BOURBOU

Long Beach, Calif.

Sir:

You put the Dodgers in their place.
DICK POWERS

Los Angeles

Sir:

They play to win and that's not dirty.
WALTER R. SMITH

Highland Park, Ill.

Sir:

Memo to Browman: Remember Bill Terry?
HELMUT HENNINGER

Marion, La.

Sir:

Please ask Jim Browman to write another article about the same Vada Peterson over Roger Craig early in the 1980 season and broke Craig's collarbone.

LEW JONES

Allentown, Pa.

Sir:

While they ridicule and exaggerate, there is a great deal of truth in the views expressed by both Browman and James Murray (*The Great Colorado Hockey Mystery*, Aug. 14).

BOB BLACKLEY

Bloomington, Ind.

LOWELL AND THE LADIES

Sir:

We enjoyed the pictures in your August 1 issue of two of the most attractive members of our Quaker Hill Country Club. However, Edith (Mrs. Clifford) Smith is afraid



HOST THOMAS WITH HOST OF LADIES

some people will get the impression that she was looking for her own golf ball in the rough instead of someone else's. And we don't want people to think that Lowell Thomas wasn't with us at least part of the time on Ladies' Day. He played a round of golf with our club pro, MacGregor Jeanette, then was our gracious host at lunch and arranged for a wonderful exhibition afterward by Joe Kirkwood Jr.

MRS. WILLIAM C. McLAUGHLIN
Parsippany, N.Y.

TOUCHER TEST

DO PAUL BROWMAN HAVE INTELLIGENCE TESTS TO HIS FOOTBALL PLAYERS? (Answer: Aug. 7). SAMPLE QUESTION: "IT SEQUENCES OF NUMBERS IS 4, 5, 3, 1, 9, 4, 10, 1001 IS NEXT NUMBER?" SUSPECT IS KILLING ME APPARENTLY ROAD BY MY FIVE HIGH-SCHOOL DRUG-RIE FRIENDS WOULD HATE ME TEAM AS THEY HAVE COME UP WITH THREE DIFFERENT ANSWERS.

JOHN S. WATSON

Bedding, Ind.

Sir:

Is 12 the next number in the sequence?
JERRY TURNER

Monticello, Ill.

■ Yes.—ED.

FOOD OF CHAMPIONS

Sir:

One week you tell us some big football hero lives on nothing but steak, then along comes Murray Rose (*Swerved, Speed and Swiftness*, Aug. 14), who never ate meat in his life. How is a guy supposed to know what to do?

DYAN GOTTZ

New York City

Sir:

A good insight into the philosophy and life of a world champion.

LOUIS E. MEYERSON

Ford du Lac, Wis.

Sir:

The most scintillating thing about this great athlete is his unswerving sense of pace. In the 440-yard freestyle at the NCAA meet in Seattle, Rose showed his opponents to take the lead in the first 300 yards and then clocked off 100s of 59.8, 59.4, 58.5 and sprinted to a new NCAA and American record 14:17.94.

HOMER TRIVETT

Long Beach, Calif.

COOPERATIVE CHAMPION

Sir:

The article (*Queen of Knowledge and Power*, Aug. 7) is terrific, and both you and Chew Chuan Lee have are to be our grateful: you for such detailed and objective reporting, and she for having cooperated with you to an extent which made such a complete and sympathetic presentation possible.

FRED M. WILSON

Berry, Maine

VINTAGES TV

Sir:

I am continually upset when viewing a sporting event on television to see the cameramen turn away from some incident occurring on the field as in the example you recently pictured at Yankee Stadium (Cinem, Caps and a Sky TV, July 17).

Having attended games where youngsters run out on the playing field and seeing the enjoyment this causes spectators, it concerns me when I realize the various commissions have a ruling against showing this on television.

Why?

HOWARD N. KING

York, Pa.

Sir:

Perhaps it is obvious, but just in case it isn't, we here at Yankee Stadium have been trying to stop rascous youngsters from going onto the field and demonstrating on their own. For two or three years they were convinced they were getting on television and were showing off just because of this television appearance.

We stopped the photographing of people running onto the field some time ago for the simple reason that if these converts realize they are not being seen on television they may be less likely to disturb the game.

Despite the fact this may not be sporting, we think in the long run it is much more practical from the viewpoint of putting on an attractive baseball show.

ROBERT O. FIMEL

The New York Yankees

New York City

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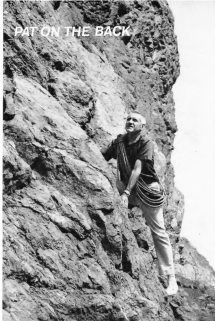
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tanned Zamperini. "The youngest boys see the tough guys aren't worth idolizing, and they turn their attention to us."

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